

POPPING OFF

Over a period of years I have often been approached (and the word approached is an understatement) on the subject of life insurance. I have also been bombarded in magazines, on radio, and on television with the suggestion that I should guard the futures of my dependents with the security of certain riches in the event of my death. I have consistently resisted this bludgeoning.

Recently the attack has been so concentrated that I have tried to analyze my reluctance, and I think I have discovered in myself an answer which might well have serious implications in relation to the survival quotient of the American male.

My discovery arose from a study of the tendency in American businessmen to die quickly after retirement. It can be argued that they retire because of a sense of termination, but this I believe will not hold water in cases of automatic retirement at a certain age. It is true that some men can survive retirement, but their numbers are small compared to those who cannot. The answer to this is of course to be found in the inability of most humans to tolerate complete and imposed idleness. A man can be idle if there is something he should be doing, but every doctor knows that to order a patient to do nothing is to arouse latent and increasing rebellion. It seems to me that when survival ceases to have a purpose, some great part of life force disappears. Your retired man, having in himself no valid reason to be alive, soon ceases to be. He cannot combat diseases which could not kill him during his active or productive life.

In the matter of life insurance, I believe the danger is much greater. It ceases to be negative and becomes a positive threat to life. Let us consider an hypothetical me—as an example. I have reached a certain age where my productiveness may be considered to be on the wane. I have children, a wife, a wife's mother, two delinquent cousins, and two faithful servants to support, and I have laid away little or no money. Neither is my life insured. For the good of this community, it is necessary that I be not only alive, but functioning. For the sake of my dear dependents, I can't afford to die, and so everything in me will fight to stay alive. I am needed—and more than needed, I am irreplaceable. No one, I think, has

isolated "will to live," but it exists, and the medical profession constantly takes it into consideration.

Under such circumstances, I believe that I am able to resist troubles and illnesses which would lay me out if such responsibilities did not exist for me. The human animal has an enormous resistance to pressure. This is clearly indicated in times of war and/or catastrophe.

Now let us take another fictional me. Over the years I have increased my estate or my life insurance until I find myself at the age of sixty with, let us say, a million dollars on my life. My dependents have their futures safe-guarded in every direction in which it is possible to protect them—the educations of my children, the safety of my faithful servants. My wife is guaranteed her weekly visit to the hairdresser, no matter how long she may survive me. The dues at the Country Club cannot possibly fall in arrears. The horrible possibility that kin of mine cannot have the newest model automobile with the longest, highest tail-fins is out of the question.

Now whatever my business or profession, it is perhaps inevitable that I am not as productive as I once was, or if I am, maybe it seems to me either that I am slipping or that I am nearing a time when I will slip. Perhaps my income has fallen off a little. At this age also the little pains of muscles, the stomachach, the shortness of breath, which at twenty would not cause concern, at sixty are analyzed as symptoms of decay and dissolution. A pocket of gas becomes a herald of a heart attack, a headache from mixing whisky and wine in the same evening is sifted for tumor. Pains in the shoulders from shoveling snow, with soft muscles, becomes arthritis. At the same time it seems harder to go to work, to concentrate. It has always been hard, but we forget that.

Now all of these things have set me up for a falling income. When that comes, I am a sitting duck. I look at my wife who can't go to Europe this summer, or my children robbed of new convertibles because papa didn't make it last year after taxes. And this is ridiculous because I am a very rich man, but only if I am dead. Suddenly it has become economically unsound for me to be alive. It may not be in the eyes of the heirs, but I would not be human if I did not find it there sooner or

later. What has happened is that society in terms of my little family group would be better off if I were not alive.

Many primitive peoples in all ages have eliminated the old or ineffective. It is rarely necessary to kill them. Usually they are sent away with a little food and water, and rarely do they eat or drink it all. Since society had decreed them dead, they die—quickly and painlessly—simply because it is expected of them. A man will do nearly anything that is expected of him if the demand is great enough. He will accomplish the unbelievable physically and mentally if his world demands it. He will also die if that is the will of his socio-time pattern.

To sum up—I believe that large life insurance could well be a sentence of death to a man who feels age growing on him. There have been many murders committed for insurance, some discovered, and many more subtly carried out that have never turned up. There have been suicides, sometimes cleverly concealed as accidents for the sake of insurance, but I believe that by far the greatest number of heavily insured men simply die because it is expected of them. Expecting it of themselves, the fight to live atrophies and death occurs from causes insignificant.

If I am uninsured my family is vitally interested in my living. I must turn out the work, the pressures are on me to survive. I can't afford to die. I ignore the pains and sorrows. The prayers of the living are for the living. This is the way it should be. In my case this is the way it is going to be.

When a man is murdered, one of the first police questions is: Is he insured and for how much and who is the beneficiary. It might be valid in a doctor, faced with a patient from whom the life principle seems to be withdrawn, to ask the same question.

I realize, of course, that my own case is a little unusual. The best insurance I can leave is a long list of copyrights. Therefore it is to the advantage of my heirs and dependents to keep me alive and well and working. This is a happy state of affairs. Indeed I seem to feel about me a genuine interest in my survival and that is a happy state of affairs for all of us.

And now I guess I'd better run for my life.





"Is your \$7.37 offer still open?"

BY CHARLES RAYBURN

"Last November were one to pass a certain art gallery on upper Madison Avenue he would have been attracted by either a large or perhaps small group of people gazing at the portrait of a nude that hung upon one of the walls inside. This writer was one of those thus attracted and thenceforth approached a rather large gathering, there on a sunny afternoon, and wormed his way to the window pane. My impressions of the throng were, that here were office workers and simply people interested in art and perhaps the bohemian life of the strugglers in the art world of today. There were several bearded chaps, another wearing a bowler and smoking a long-stemmed pipe, two girls appeared as if they might be Sarah Lawrence students, a man who might be a Czechoslovakian embassy attache was among the lookers-on, and there was another who looked like he might be a Polish weight-lifter, and a woman with an upsweep hair-do and harlequin glosses.

But now I gazed at the object of their affections and found it to be a portrait rather charmingly conceived yet in a rather conventional sort of way. That is, there was nothing really new in subject or treatment. None the less, the colors and arrangements were pleasing—a rounded, sensual girl of some twenty years of age, looking not wholly unlike herself, seated or reclining on a small divan. One would have said that the artist himself was enamored of the delicate colors and seductive pose, so adroitly were the arms and torso and thighs wormily and yet conservatively hinted at—the conservatism if not the adroitness of perhaps another age. As I stood there I began to feel a sense of something exotic, physically stirring.

And so I come to meet Jon De Ruth and upon strengthening the friendship, to understand something of the character and the views of this "Cavalier of the Canvas."

A determined chap and a diplomat with a flair for things social, since a

'THE PAINTER AND THE NUDE'





flair for such things may be described as a matter of diplomacy—this elegant, bearded gentleman painter cannot be remote from anything which smacks of social show or gaiety. Here's why. "A work of art," says De Ruth, "in the very first place must be considered as a piece of merchandise and it must be merchandised to its best advantage. The moment I finish a painting it becomes a commodity." As Mr. De Ruth credits much of his success to the fact that he is perhaps, a much better salesman than most artists, he really enjoys the challenge and the art of selling his products for he considers the last act in the execution of a painting to be, not a brush stroke, but the hammer stroke that nails the canvas to somebody's wall. Hence, his flair for things social means that he moves about amongst his potential clients because he enjoys them and the gains from social graces.

De Ruth loves the challenge of our times also—the degree of success, where it is not enough to paint, to paint well and perchance after years of labor find critical praise, that only may find space in an obituary column. "Although much of our lives is chance, yet much is in our hands," he says. "Opportunities will only repeat themselves and multiply, if one does not shun the pressure that comes with every new challenge."

Born in Czechoslovakia in 1922 Jan De Ruth is still a young man and extremely prolific with palette and brush. Gifted with a natural dexterity and a sharp eye for the factual it took only a few short years before he succeeded in mastering all there is to be known in matters of painting techniques. The best of his work has to be viewed in the original to savor the beauty of surface and brushwork. This combined with an appealing color, lends great distinction to his portrait, as well as to his figure studies."

Jan De Ruth, while accomplishing almost everything in portraitwork, is noted mainly for his nudes which have established him as one of the outstanding artists of our time. And it is on the subject of nudes that we now addressed ourselves to Mr. De Ruth.

"Where do you get the inspiration for a nude," we asked.

"I don't really think there is such on







animal," he replied. "Anyway, nothing that will sustain itself through a working day. To wait for inspiration is to retire at an early age." And continuing, "That spark of emotional response called inspiration that sometimes burns brightly will dim very quickly, if it is not supported by a knowledge of one's craft and a routine application to one's profession. That beautiful girl that one so often meets at midnight has a way of turning quite ugly as dawn starts to break. The daily routine of living with all its imperfections must be the perpetual self-renewing "inspiration." "Complicity will bring creative death," he added thoughtfully. And back

on the subject of his merchandise, his product, De Ruth reminded us that there is, incidentally, nothing less inspiring than a studio full of unsold paintings!

Getting right down to the bare facts De Ruth, failing to understand the naivete of those people who feel that a nude in a museum is "less nude" than one in someone's bedroom, makes it irrevocably clear that the human form everywhere, of all things in Nature, has always been and still is the object of man's strongest and most intimate interest. Says he, "A woman's naked body is the one thing in the visible world with everlasting interest for the intelligent male." And he added, "It is true that

some painters have become so obsessed with one particular woman that they have painted her in the nude over and over again." And here he drew a parallel to Rubens and his model Helen Fourment, George Romney and Lady Hamilton, Renoir and his Gabrielle. "As for myself," says De Ruth, "my inspiration comes from a variety of women, many of whom have that perfect balance of the parts within the whole that a nude figure has, and that a portrait should have as well."

To this writer's inexperienced eye, De Ruth's nudes are done in a new and most arresting manner. It has been said that you may not have seen a man or



woman or a landscape such as Cezanne shows in his convos, but after seeing them you can never forget them. I would not be willing to admit the truth of this but in the home of collector Edwin Sheldon which houses some nineteen of De Ruth's nudes, I saw many things which were not unakin to these. No mere savory impose here, no conservative and so traditional modulation of tones. Each portrait rich, glaring, direct, resonant, and my goodness, the doring, the force, the row reds, greens, blues,

and the pearly firmness of the flesh in each figure, and each a remarkable contrast.

"The pointing of a nude," said De Ruth, "is probably the most difficult of all the aspects of pointing, good taste being the primary requisite. The margin between vulgarity and aesthetics can be a very narrow one. Only the most subtle treatment of line, shape and color will avoid such hazards." But, to the prim and tight-lipped critics who condemn artists who point the nude,

De Ruth quietly reminds them that it is the denial of nudity that enhances sex appeal, not nudity itself. "I do my best to cater to human tastes," says De Ruth, "and I think the female nude with the reflections of her face and the echoes of her form is the most intriguing object in the world."

Jon De Ruth was brought up in Europe as an "average European." It was not until he decided to become a painter that he saw the inside of a museum. Today he spends at least one day a week at New York's Metropolitan Museum. "No other Museum houses so much selected art treasures anywhere," he said.

In the early stages of his career De Ruth found the commercial aspects of his profession repugnant to him. "I still have to remind myself that to haggle about the price of a painting is by far less humiliating than to accept charity, whatever its form may be. Besides, a man with an empty stomach will hardly find solace in the voluptuousness of a rather well-fed Reubens nude." De Ruth to date, has had 24 one-man shows throughout the country and currently is knee-deep in his 25th and 26th in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Commerciality versus Art! Jon De Ruth, as we have seen, harbors no delusions about the commercial aspects of his chosen field anymore. "Art will only flourish when a market exists," says this gentleman artist. "That the market exists is only proof of the place where art is appreciated most. Only after the necessities of living have been acquired can man turn to art. In a flourishing economy as we know it, the buying of art is a natural conclusion. If it were not so, why do so many European artists come to America?" To be of value, we thought, as he spoke, art must be commercial. And our thinking reminded us, that when one wants money he must go to the bank!

But again, and finally to the nude. Our lost query of artist Jon De Ruth: "What about the squeamishness some people have regarding the nude?"

And his answer was an absolute classic:

"The notion of the semi-puritan, that a nude 'belongs' in the bedroom, seems quite obscene to me."

Jon De Ruth, we salute you!



A SAMPLING OF RARE PRINTS



CAVALCADE

REBURY 1991 VOL. XXV NO. 1



Interview with a Coil Girl

by [illegible]

Report on the Warren Report

by Zee Zee Gebor, Wm. Buckley,
Steve Allen, John Wayne, Sammy
Davis, Jack Benny and others

Articles & Pictures:

James Jones John Steinbeck

[illegible]

and The Goldfinger Nudes

[illegible]

from the Curtis-Bullock Collection









Soon to be published in book form is a selection of seventeenth and eighteenth century prints from the private collection of Mr. Desmond Curtis-Bullock, octogenarian, millionaire and art connoisseur. The prints reproduced on these pages are only a sample of the more than one hundred prints to appear in the forthcoming publication. The total number of prints in the entire collection is more than ten thousand.

For some years the art world has known of this collection, they also knew that it was closed, namely, not open to public view, nor available for reproduction.

Why the collection is now being exposed to the public is best explained in Mr. Curtis-Bullock's own words. In a recent interview he said, "For sixty years I've been watching the works of some of the world's finest artists and draftsmen gather dust on the shelves of museum print rooms while everyone is gawking at Picasso, Matisse and company. While my classmates were out buying the impressionists I was searching for obscure prints.

At that age I enjoyed a certain smug superiority in being the sole possessor of the only existing print of Fragonard's *Le Reve*. Now that I'm getting along in years

I have lost some of my cockiness and possessiveness. I now want to share my pleasures with anyone who wants to look past the trash that is being foisted off as art today.

Before the reaper kills my plate I intend to have my whole collection open to public view—of course, some of the prints will have to be "for adults only!"

Cavalcade takes pride in being the first to offer to its readers this small segment of the Curtis-Bullock collection.

GERBERG'S

FROM A SOCIAL WORKER'S NOTEBOOK



"Sure, buddy ... you're just here to get on interview.
Sure! And I'm here to borrow a cup of sugar and a cookbook!"



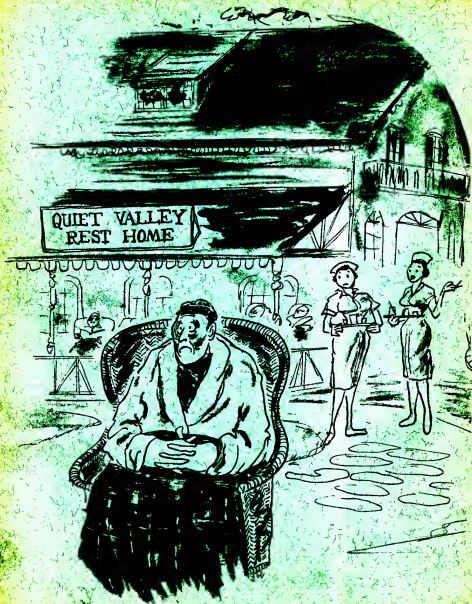
"Please, Miss — now will you answer a few questions?"



"What? You want to interview Me? Oh, no you don't.
You get another girl if you want anything fancy."



"Sure, I'll answer your questions—just so long as
I remain ononymous!"



"He's an 'occupational hazard' case."

by Norman Wilner

REPORT ON THE WARREN REPORT

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.: "...it is theoretically possible that the Commission suppressed evidence that would have inconvenienced its thesis: that the two killings were the work of two independent psychotics. But such evidence has not been uncovered. The Commission simply reports what apparently happened—not why it happened—and does so with an authoritative thoroughness. The Commission absolved the Soviet Union from any complicity in this assassination, but did not do so by adducing any latent purity in the Soviet soul. Finally, there remains the idiot fringe who will not be satisfied until a commission comes along that proves Kennedy was struck down by General Walker while H.J. Hunt was passing him the ammunition."

PROFESSOR REVILO OLIVER: "Kennedy was murdered by Oswald acting under orders of either the Soviet Union or the CIA. I am not sure which, but after all the difference is only a bookkeeping one."

ZSA ZSA GABOR: "Dahlink, most of my European friends are suspicious of the Warren Report. They say Americans are so naive, it must have been a plot. They cannot conceive of so many coincidences happening all at once. Jack Ruby shooting Oswald before he even had a chance to testify, things like that. I went to a U.N. cocktail party and I was talking to a Spanish diplomat. He said it was a Communist plot. Five minutes later I am talking to a Russian official and he is absolutely convinced it was a Rightist plot. Who is to say? I, personally, having lived in the United States for so many years, I know how open and aboveboard Americans are, so I say the Warren Report was the whole truth and nozing but the truth."

JACK E. LEONARD: "I've known Jack Ruby for years so I don't wanna get mixed up in any of that jazz. I'm a comedian. What am I supposed to do, make jokes about a serious thing like this? Nope, no comment."

BETTY FURNESS: "I haven't read the Warren Report, so I'm not qualified to offer an opinion. Matter of fact, I'm doing a sort of conversation piece act with the audience at the Strollers Club and I find people are loathe to talk about the Warren Report."

STEVE ALLEN: "People in show business are not supposed to concern themselves with politics on the ground that it will endanger their careers, but I think this is morally and indefensibly wrong. I read the report carefully and thoroughly and although I am far from a detective, it seemed to me that what the Report stated was absolutely true, it was all a tragic coincidence. There was no deep, dark plot as far as I am concerned."

ORSON BEAN: "It was certainly a thorough report. There's no question in

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my mind that Warren is probably the most honorable man in America. Certainly, there are lingering doubts in my mind, but I have to go on the basis of what I read in the report. I live with doubts as part and parcel of my own suspicious nature; they're probably the result of some lack within myself. It's like a guy who finds out his wife doesn't love him any more. He's absolutely convinced she must be in love with another man and then he discovers she's just sick of him, that's all. It's as simple



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and senseless as that. People are suspicious of simplicity. Suspicion is something that hovers over all of us. I just came back from two weeks in Washington and I felt President Kennedy's presence everywhere. I still can't believe it." **MILT KAMEN:** "I heard Mark Lane on the radio and I don't trust him. Of course there were a lot of discrepancies but, if there is anything in the Warren Report that has not come out, I don't think it would be anything that would shake us. The Report brought back to me that we lost somebody important. I got the feeling of being personally useless and here was somebody useful to society. I mean, what am I after all? A clown, a buffoon. This wasn't just another Joe. He brought another kind of atmosphere, a new feeling, a feeling of potential hope to the American people. For a while after he was elected, there was no more of that feeling of dark brooding, people felt more human to each other because of President Kennedy. Even though, I want you to understand, I was no worshipper of Kennedy. I haven't read the Laski book which made him out to be almost some kind of political monster, but friends told me about the book. Somebody in the limelight means literally the light is upon him. Certainly, JFK had imperfections (as we all do), only you see every pore exposed to this pitiless light. It's so easy to cut up a man, particularly a man in high position. I understand the book portrayed JFK as an opportunist and hungry for power. Well, I'm glad he was ambitious and an opportunist because it was for me and millions of other Americans that this great drive was working for. Laski showed more about himself than about JFK in writing the kind of book he did. I'll tell you something. I wouldn't want to see Laski as President up there. They do that sort of thing with people in show business, too. This pervert business in the White House, we're all responsible. Maybe we'll drive the poor guy to suicide. We're all responsible for the assassination. We're all responsible for the ills of society. There's a sickness in all of us because we overlook, we don't bother with other people. We are not our brother's keeper. President Kennedy's assassination was a ridiculous waste of an important human life. We have to get on with the spirit of JFK, not dissect every morbid aspect of his tragic death." **XAVIER CUGAT:** "This country has been very good to me. It has enabled me to become a millionaire several times over so I am very grateful to the United States. But there are too many loopholes in the evidence as far as I am concerned. I have no facts to guide me, only my instinct, but I think that was a plot. I cannot prove it. I have only my nose to guide me, but I have a very sensitive nose, senior." **MARKLANE:** "I have been retained by Lee Oswald's mother to represent her before the Warren Commission. They maintained, however, that Oswald was not entitled to representation because he was not on trial, he had already been convicted. Now, it seems to me that the Warren Commission is hardly a cross section of America and, in fact, it is not very well known abroad. The right to cross examine the evidence was totally obliterated and this caused great dissatisfaction and suspicion abroad. Oswald was assumed guilty in the absence of a trial. The American people failed to get the facts. The Warren Report is the prosecution's case and a very good case it is, but where is the defense case? The accused has a right to be heard. For example, how was it possible for the rifle to have fired accurately with three perfect hits? Even in the hands of experts, this is im-

possible. Page 193 of the Report told about a test conducted by three of the best marksmen in the country. They fired at three still, not moving, targets. They fired at a silhouette of the entire body, not just the head and they missed 5 out of 18 shots. Three witnesses testified it was impossible for Oswald to have carried a rifle into the building without them seeing it. Many important witnesses were not called. Need I say more?" **ALEXANDER KING:** "The whole thing is too idiotic, anyways. I loathe politics categorically. It is the last refuge of the bumbling inept. I must admit, however, President Kennedy was one of the few Presidents with wit and verve and élan. Most important of all, as far as I am selfishly concerned, he was a patron of the arts. Not just a patron, I have reason to believe he was genuinely interested in the arts. The poor, dear man was assassinated—that I am convinced. But it's over and done with. Let's not keep belaboring the issue over and over again." **JOHN WAYNE:** "My reaction? Hell, anybody in his right mind knows it was a Communist plot." **GEORGE JESSEL:** "When Jack Ruby shot Oswald in front of millions of TV viewers, I thought, 'Oh ah, now everybody'll say it was some kind of Jewish plot.' I say thank God for the Warren Report, which at least cleared the air and laid the guilt of this monstrous crime on Oswald's shoulders." **DUKE ELLINGTON:** "This is a delicate area to explore, one which I would rather not get into. I will say this, however, I have had the pleasure of meeting Chief Justice Warren on occasion. He is a fine gentleman and a credit to the Supreme Court. I refuse to believe he would permit any whitewash of President Kennedy's assassination." **JACK PAAR:** "The Warren Report was the truth as far as I'm concerned, but I'm sure you'll end up misquoting me. Why should you be any different?" **SAMMY DAVIS, JR.:** "Chief Justice Warren and all of the other gentlemen on the Commission are solid, reputable citizens with no axe to grind, so I see no reason to doubt the truth of the Warren Report. All I can think of very sadly, very mournfully, is that the American Negro lost one of his best friends, one of his champions when President Kennedy was assassinated." **OSCAR LEVANT:** "Why do you bother me with this nonsense? I think the whole country needs psychiatric treatment with all this morbid interest in JFK's assassination. The continual rehashing, it's like those Clairair advertisements—Did He Or Didn't He? I assure you there won't be this much fuss when someone assassinates me. And it'll probably be my wife. I don't want you to get the impression that I'm trying to joke about it, because it knocked me, like every other American, for a loop. In other words, I believe the Warren Report. Now let's try to forget it." **JACK BENNY:** "If you don't mind, I would really rather not get mixed up in this. I'm a pretty sentimental guy and I cried like a baby the day the President was shot. It was a terrible, terrible thing. Then when I read the Warren Report, it brought back that horrible day all over again and I started to cry again." **DICK GREGORY:** "As I read the Warren Report, I couldn't help thinking suppose it had been a Negro who had committed this monstrous crime? The whole white world would have been down on us. What do you expect from those dumb, ignorant niggers? They're all murderers and criminals, that would have been the general reaction. But do we Negroes say that because Oswald killed the President, that's typical of white men? We got more sense than that."



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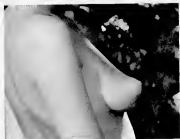
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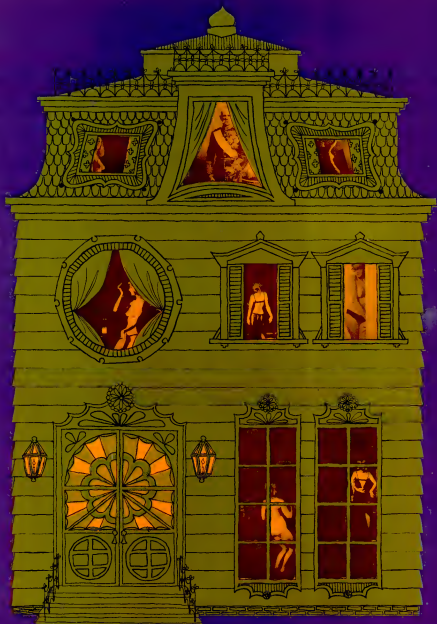


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ILLICIT INTERLUDE

by PAUL BOURGET ADAPTED BY LAWRENCE MADDEN

Alfred Chazel had lighted upon one of his old companions, and was communicating to him a long-cherished idea of a new algebra, and Helen Chazel, assailed by the effusiveness of the Malhoure ladies, was telling herself that it had been scarcely worth while to take such trouble about her dress. Thanks to the education received from her stepmother, and also her talks with Monsieur de Querne, she had acquired tolerably accurate ideas concerning Society. She understood the distinction that separates true assemblies of the world from middle-class carnivals such as the one at which she was now present. Nevertheless, as she was charming in her pale blue and bright pink ball costume and could read the triumph of her beauty in the envious glances of many women, and the admiring gaze of the men, she gave herself up to that sensation of success which so intoxicates feminine pride, even when it is a success that is despised; and she proceeded to dance every dance that she might exhaust her emotions by physical activity, and she desisted only to visit the refreshment room and drink a little champagne. The wine sent a giddy little wave of light and sparkling froth to her head that was so wearied by excessive thought.

She was standing thus beside the table in the refreshment room, fanning herself with one hand and holding in the other the fragile glass whose last golden drops gave her a vaguely pleasant enervation, when her partner, an insignificant but

sufficiently correct young man, was trying to talk; he was speaking of the play at the Rialto, a middle-class comedy which Helen, on an old lover's authority, had always considered detestable. At the mere mention of the actors' names and the title of the play, she could see herself in the box beside Armand—that voice?—no, but the voice of Monsieur de Varades. So now even that upstart officer was here, almost within two steps of her, and talking without appearing to see her?

Had she thought for a moment she would have found the presence of old Malhoure's former pupil as natural as her own. Was she not at this ball as the wife of an old fellow student of De Varades? She would also have reflected that living for months and months, as she had done, apart from her husband's society, she was ignorant of the movements of Alfred's friends. But in her present state of morbid excitement, this sudden meeting swept her with a secret grief, that grief which makes one long to cry out at injustice as one cries *Fire!* and *Murder!*

Without paying any further attention to what her partner was saying, she looked with devouring curiosity at De Varades. He was a handsome fellow, slenderly built, and muscular all over. The contrast in color between his hair, which had become nearly white, and his moustache, which remained very dark, gave a singular aspect to his well shaped head. A low forehead, a hooked nose, eyes that were somewhat too small and close together,

and a flashing glance, in which bravery and temerity could alike be read, caused his profile to be vaguely suggestive of a bird of prey. The officer's evening coat, which he wore with the stiffness of a uniform, was all that was further required to single him out in an assembly dominated by the wearied race of men from desk and study. Since the audacious attempt at Bourges, Helen had never seen this disquieting individual coming towards her without feeling dimly uncomfortable. But now, a prey to a maddening perverseness, she would have liked him to approach her, to pay her attentions as he did formerly.

Yes, to pay her attentions, and she would not be childish and silly as she had been before. She had been a loyal wife, and what good had this done her? It had merely brought her to a point where nothing in the world remained to her save an incurable wound in the most sensitive portion of her heart. She drank a few more drops of champagne in order to relieve her thought, and De Varades, from whom she had not taken her eyes, turned in her direction. Did he see her for the first time, or had he perhaps affected not to notice her? He bowed and came to greet her, with the expression at once ironical, respectful, and freezing, with which he used to accost her at Bourges; and instead of replying to it as she did then, she had a smile on her lips. She held out her hand to him, and after the first polite formulas, immediately asked:

"Are you passing through Paris?"

"No, madame, I am living here," he replied. "I was appointed professor at the School of War four months ago."

"Four months, and you have not come to see us?" she said in a coquettishly reproachful tone of voice.

"No, but I heard about you," replied the young man, and to himself: "How Paris has changed her!" He detested her deeply, first because she had wounded his pride, and then because he felt guilty of having boasted of having been her lover, giving detailed proof; it was not true and he could not forgive her for the irreparable wrong that he had done her. Ah! if only the calumny had not been of the kind which passes from ear to ear and from lip to lip until it reaches a man who might have loved this woman, and whose heart is stayed, suddenly paralyzed by the terrible uncertainty concerning the answer to the question: "Has she that in her past?"

To the young officer's credit, it must be said that he had not seen so far. He had yielded to that hideous spite of masculine vanity, and it was again this vanity which, upon Helen's unexpected reception of him, prompted him to murmur an interrogative "Eh?" and to begin the love comedy which had already once been played. A waltz was sounding—the waltz of Faust, for the second of the young Malhoure ladies was at the piano, and she, the artist of the family, liked people to dance to classical measures, whereas the eldest and the youngest, who prided themselves upon being regular Parisians, doted on popular music, and airs

from the operettas and musical cafes.

"May I have the honor of this waltz, madame?" asked De Varades of Helen.

"Was I engaged or was I not?" said the latter. "So much the worse! I restore you your liberty," she added, addressing the young man who had accompanied her to the refreshment room, but who through timidity did not dare remind her of the promise she had given to dance with him; and immediately she was whirling around the ballroom in the arms of De Varades.

She was whirling round, prettier than ever with the feverish pink that colored her cheeks and imparted to them a tint similar to that of her stockings, her skirt, and her corsage. The beauty patch at the corner of her cheek, her black eyes, and her powdered hair, clothed her with a serenity and grace that, apart from feelings of pride, stirred old longings in the young man's heart. He was speaking to her while they danced. She listened to him and kept Armand's nude image in her mind. "If he knew what I was thinking," she said to herself, "he would have doubts no longer, he would triumph. Well! what does it matter to me?"

This strange desire to act contrary to her nature pleased her and she listened with a smile to what De Varades said to her. The latter, clever enough to discern that something extraordinary was going on in Madame Chazel's mind, and too desirous of requital not to take advantage of the opportunity, had again begun to speak to her of his feelings. In passionate terms he depicted his despair at Bourges when he had displeased her, his vain attempts at self-justification, his resolve never to marry but to live in memory of her; he gave her to understand that she was the only woman he had ever loved, and that he had sought an appointment in Paris solely that he might meet her again. But to all these falsehoods, repeated over and over again during their first waltz, then in the square dances which followed, and then in the quietude of the cotillon which they danced together, she responded with slight interjections of doubt. She seemed to be delirious for coquetry; she spent upon this flirtation the fever that was preying upon her. Thus, a few hours later, when the officer had returned to his small apartment in the Rue Saint-Dominique—a suite of apartments of which only two were furnished, the others being filled with uniforms, weapons, and big boots—he laid his head upon his pillow before going to sleep, and resolved to possess Madame Chazel, no matter where, even though it were in her own drawing-room, at the risk of a servant's interruption. "And this time she shall not escape me," he thought to himself. "She told me she was always at home between two and four." And he closed his eyes on the sweet hope of repairing his former wrong.

Poor Helen! While this man, anticipating the temerity with which a frenzy for old grievances had inspired her, was falling asleep over his dangerous plan, she herself was lying awake and remembering her husband had been unlucky enough to say to her after the party at the Malhoures, "I thought you had quite a dislike to

Varades, and you danced with scarcely anybody else."

"Does that make you jealous?" she had asked him abruptly.

"No," he had replied, "but how is it possible to change one's feelings toward people in this way?"

"I am what it pleases me to be," she replied.

She might at that moment have been forbidden to throw herself into the water, and in her rage at being told not to do so, and to relieve her nerves, she would have hastened into the Seine.

"Yes," she now told herself, "I must have him and no other—for the time being," she added with that implacable imagining of ill which at certain moments relieves the heart, "and when I have done it, when I am lying in the dirt, then perhaps I shall forget, and then all this will be over."

She pictured her old lover, Armand to herself; she saw him with his eyes and his smile, she heard his voice. "Ah," she then exclaimed like a wounded nun, and stretched herself upon her bed.

In the morning she had an hour's heavy sleep, visited by nightmares. At about nine o'clock she rose to attend to household affairs, as was her habit, indolently and with her mind roaming elsewhere. Extreme fatigue and, as it were, a dying languor had taken hold of her. After breakfast she went up to her room again, and very shortly thereafter the servant entered and inquired whether she would see Monsieur de Varades. The officer had kept his word, and had not lost a day in taking advantage of her permission to come and see her.

"Show him into the drawing-room," she said; suddenly the memory of Armand's deserting her returned, keener than before, and the sorrow which she had been feeling turned into one of those rushes of frenzy during which she no longer really knew what she was doing. She went into her dressing-room, and with a little water she removed the traces of tears, for she used to weep almost without perceiving it, and mad, as it were, through grief, she went down to the little drawing-room.

"How kind of you to come and keep me company!" she said, holding out her hand to the young man. She made him sit down in the arm-chair in front of her, the one in which Armand used generally to sit. How he had lied to her while sitting in that chair! How he had misunderstood her! It seemed to her that she was taking revenge upon him by this profanation of their common memories. She herself took a seat on the couch which stood obliquely against the fireplace, in which the remnant of a fire was burning. She looked at De Varades with eyes that did not see him, but he, as he began to talk, watched her with much attention. The wildness which she displayed, the almost incoherent rapidity of her speech, the element of nervelessness that was manifested in her laughter, in her gestures, in the movements of her head—all evidenced a woman that was half beside herself.

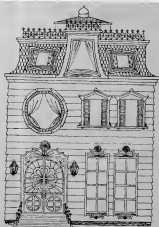
The evening before at the Malhoures' ball, De Varades had explained her coquetry to himself: "She wants to make some one jealous." But he had not seen any one about her wearing the countenance of a wounded lover. In the twilight in the little drawing-room he said to himself: "Tis she who is jealous and wishes to be revenged." Insensibly he caused the conversation to glide down the same path as on the previous evening; he spoke to her again of his despairing and melancholy feelings. She listened to him almost without reply, with the thought of the indignation that Armand would feel after all, if he could see her at that moment. De Varades meanwhile was reasoning thus to himself:

"What do I risk? Being shown the door again as I was at Bourges?"

He made up his mind to take advantage of the disquiet which, as he could see, possessed her, and he rose and seated himself on the couch by her side, saying to her:

"Ah! I loved you dearly!"

She turned towards him with an expression which he took for a frenzy of spite, and he seized her in his arms. To what extent did her frenzy for degradation, that desire for her own ruin, enter into her weakness? The fact remains that she did not defend herself against the young man's embrace. He grew more bold, and she was completely his. Yes, in that very drawing-room where she had formerly shrunk in horror from giving herself to her lover she suffered herself to be taken by a man she did not love, and the latter was stupefied both by the ease of his victory and by the corpse-like insensibility encountered in this unlooked-for mistress, of whom he had not even been thinking twenty-four hours before.



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W. R. Akins, EDITOR

Raymond Badine, GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Alex Austin, BOOK EDITOR

Judith Switzer, JAZZ EDITOR



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Cavaleade
presents

Far-Out Fables

"The story of
Cindy Eller"

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN THE FARAWAY KINGDOM OF HOLLYWOOD, THERE LIVED A MR AND MRS ELLER AND THEIR THREE DAUGHTERS..

I'M WENDY!

I'M MANDY!

I'M CINDY!

ONE DAY THERE WAS EXCITING NEWS.

BIGAMOUNT PICTURES IS HOLDING
A TALENT COMPETITION TONIGHT!

LET'S
GET
READY!

CAN
I GO?

WHAT'RE YOU--SOME
KIND OF NUT? WHO
DO YOU THINK YOU
ARE-- JAYNE
MANSFIELD?

DON'T YOU
REMEMBER THE
FAIRY TALE?
--BACK TO THE
SCULLERY!

NOWADAYS,
WE CALL IT A
KITCHEN!

SO CINDY ELLER WAS LEFT BEHIND
WHILE HER BIG SISTERS WENT OFF
TO THE MOVIE LOT..

WHAT I NEED
IS A NEW
AGENT!

SUDDENLY HER FAIRY GODMOTHER
APPEARED...

I HATE THESE
COSTUME
PARTS!

WHERE DID
YOU COME
FROM?!

CENTRAL CASTING, SWEETIE! I'M
GONNA HELP YOU GET TO THAT
TALENT COMPETITION!

BUT HOW? I
HAVEN'T GOT A
PRETTY OUTFIT
TO WEAR!

MY "JIPPY-KEEN" PLASTIC MAGIC
WAND (MODEL B) TAKES CARE OF
EVERYTHING! IT'S ALL IN OUR
CONTRACT!

A
BIKINI?
OOH!

DRESSED IN HER NEW FINERY, CINDY ELLER HURRIED TO THE BIGMOUNT STUDIO...



ALL OF A SUDDEN THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE, AND BEING A NON-UNION MEMBER, CINDY HAD TO RUSH HOME...



MEN, I'LL SCOUR HOLLYWOOD! I'LL TRY THIS ON EVERY GIRL IN TOWN, UNTIL I FIND THE ONE IT FITS!



AT LAST THEY CAME TO THE ELLER'S HOUSE...AND WHEN CINDY TRIED ON THE GARMENT, IT WAS JUST RIGHT!



SO CINDY ELLER WENT OFF TO MADISON AVENUE WHERE SHE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, PUTTING HER BIG TALENTS TO GOOD USE



Next Issue "Goldilocks and the Three Bares"





CAVALCADE'S SWEDISH SWEETHEART OF THE MONTH



ENGA SWENSON











ENGA HAS LIVED IN THE
 UNITED STATES FOR
 OVER TWO YEARS AND
 LIKES IT HERE, EXCEPT FOR
 ONE THING—THE SNOW
 SEASON IS TOO SHORT. EVERY
 YEAR, WITH THE FIRST
 FLAKE OF SNOW, SHE HEADS
 FOR SKI COUNTRY.
 THIS YEAR CAVALCADE'S
 PHOTOGRAPHER, LEONARDO
 OF NEW YORK,
 FOLLOWED ENGA TO
 DAVOS SKI LODGE IN
 WOODRIDGE, NEW YORK.
 THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE
 PAGES DOCUMENT ENGA'S
 FIRST "SWEDISH HOLIDAY"
 IN THE SNOW THIS YEAR.

CAVALCADE'S FUN FORUM



Two five-year-old boys were hiking in the woods and came upon a fence with the words "Nudist Colony" painted on it. One of the boys peeked through a knot-hole and said, "There's a lot of naked people in there." "Yah," said the other boy. "Are they men or women?" "I don't know," replied the first boy. "They hain't got any clothes on."

Peter J. Sparks
Sloux City, Iowa

Girls interested in do-re-me often go fa.

Alan Gordon
New York City

In a primitive mountain town in Mexico a tourist noticed a native squatting lazily in the shade and asked him, "Could you tell me the exact time?"

The native yawned, reached up to his burro, standing in front of him, and lifted the animal's tail. "Senor," he announced. "Ees exactly 10:37 a.m." Then he promptly went back to sleep.

The tourist, intrigued, walked a few steps to the plaza at the end of the street, checked with the big clock on the cathedral tower, and found that the time was indeed 10:37.

Hours later, returning the same way, he saw that neither the native nor his burro had moved. Again he requested the time. Again the native lifted the little burro's tail, and politely droned, "Ees exactly 4:51 p.m." Again the cathedral clock proved he was right.

"This is amazing," marveled the tourist. "Would you mind telling me how you can tell the exact time by merely lifting that fool burro's tail?"

"Ees simple," the native assured him. "When I lefft the tail, I can see clock on cathedral tower."

Rory Bates
Phoenix, Ariz.

At the Miss America contest, the representatives of the states of Vermont and Louisiana met in the dressing room.

"We might as well face it," sighed the miss from Vermont. "Men are all alike."

The Louisiana belle smiled in agreement and murmured, "Men are all Ah like, too."

Steve Huthenthal
Chikamauga, Ga.

And then there was the new airline stewardess who gaily thought that the tail assembly was a crew party.

Gunner Radmunssen
Reykjavik, Iceland

A well-dressed out-of-towner was registering at a swanky Las Vegas hotel when a beautiful blonde suggested, "How would you like to take me out this evening?"

"How much?" asked the knowing stranger.

"Fifty bucks," she said.

"I'll give you five," he countered. The blonde walked off in a huff.

Later the stranger's wife appeared and he was escorting her across the lobby when the blonde once more came into view. A broad grin lit her face and she whispered in the man's ear, "See what you get for five dollars!"

John Engle
Sparta, Ill.

The curvesome young lass stepped out of her shower in her hotel and found a window washer gazing ecstatically at her from his perch outside the bathroom. The girl was too stunned even to reach for the towel; she just stared and stared. Finally, the window washer broke the silence, whispering, "Whassamatter, lady? Ain't you never seen a window washer before?"

R.C. Calhoun
Winston-Salem, N.C.

A Miami weather forecaster offers what he calls the definitive reason why hurricanes are named after women. "Figure it out for yourself," he says. "They're hurricanes, no himacanes."

Ephram Donehue
Key West, Fla.





"Oh yeah. Now I remember."

Although it is unknown to most readers of such books as *The Tropic of Cancer* and *The Tropic of Capricorn*, Henry Miller is one of the finest travel writers we have ever had. His own favorite among his books is *The Colossus of Maroussi*, a book he wrote in 1940 about Greece. It is a richly evocative picture of that land where myth is still tangled up with the modern world in a living way, instead of on a couch or on a bookshelf. Now in *Greece* (Viking), Miller returns to this favorite land of his in a book beautifully illustrated with drawings by Anne Poor. He writes with a simple power thoroughly appropriate to this land where, as he says, "one almost feels as if the ruins themselves always existed. All is so timeless, so hallowed." This is not only first-rate Miller, it is one of the truly distinguished gift books of the year.

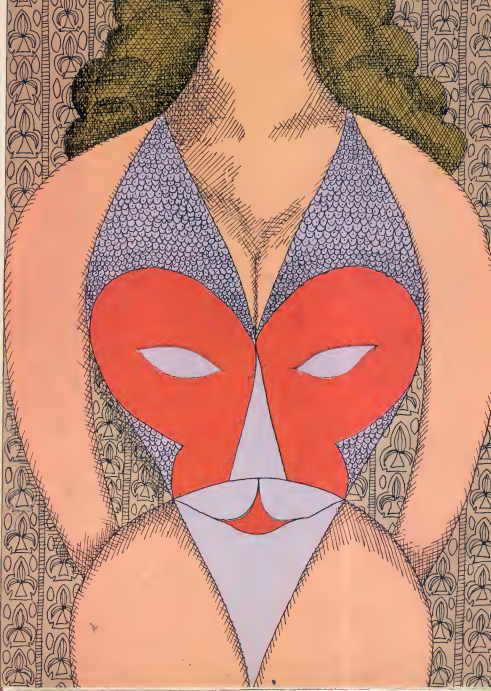
A Mother's Kisses (Simon & Schuster) by Bruce Jay Friedman, is easily one of the funniest books of our time. Friedman is one of the very few writers around with a voice that's completely his own and it is a voice always worth listening to. Here he has created a mother of such wild proportions, one suspects that had she been around in ancient Greece, poor Oedipus never would have gotten into all that trouble, or if he had, at least he would not have taken it so solemnly. Meg's task here is to get her son Joseph into a good college, even to follow him into his first classes and his fraternity house, passing out popsicles and dixie cups to all the boys on the way, chanting constantly in a language that's surely rich enough to deserve a nation all its own. A completely first-rate joy.

The stars are our next stop and any traveler worth his salt in the year 2000 will be heading not to Paris or Tahiti, but to Venus or some other celestial bistro in the neighborhood of the moon. *Planets for Man* (Random House), by Stephen H. Dole and Isaac Asimov, is a comprehensive and fascinating study of the problems that will have to be solved before man will be able to explore space. This book attempts to determine, among many other things, whether there are worlds in space where man can live or where human life may even now be flourishing.

The Collected Tales and Plays of Nikolai Gogol (Pantheon) is one of those books that is both the definite edition of a great writer's work and as rich a reading feast as we have seen in many a

Quick Cues

views / reviews / previews



year. Gogol was a wildly funny writer, that most rare brand of genius, like Cervantes, who could turn the loss and terror of this world inside-out to make us laugh even at the sight of our own hearts breaking. "Dark humour" today is highly in vogue; every other new novel had a picaresque hero roaming through a world that's seconds away from some sort of total annihilation or another. Gogol told this kind of story over a hundred years ago and no one since has told them any better.



Ken Kesey is a big, sprawling, thoroughly original writer whose work has natural roots in myth, which is to say, in the best kind of story-telling, the sort that children demand and adults can consider themselves lucky to get whenever they get it. *Sometimes a Great Notion* (Viking) is the story of a big man, not another of those belly-button-watching anti-heroes that dominate current

American fiction. Hank Stamper is big in a particularly American way—as Paul Bunyon was, or Thomas Wolfe. He returns with a pretty wife to his home in Oregon to boss his father's logging operation. There he must take his stand against the townspeople and against his bookish young half-brother Lee, who hates him because he once slept with Lee's mother. This is not only a fine, enjoyable novel—it is also a valid and needed statement that the old big American who could swing his weight freely across our land is far from dead. This is a book to make any man stand a little taller once he has finished it.

Alex Austin

The jazz musician who evolves a new style of music earns kudos and accolades, but also exposes himself to a double-edged attack. If he leaves his own discoveries behind and finds some new musical method more acceptable, he may find himself accused of inconsistency, changing with the times, or commercialism. If he sticks with what to him is the basic and only truth, may find himself spoken of as being in a rut, having lost his inventiveness, or of really having had nothing to say in the first place. There is probably no choice for him between these twin hazards; all he can do is keep going on with what is for him the right course, and let the validity of his music be the final arbiter of his case.

Benny Goodman is probably one of the foremost musicians to ever sense a trend and develop it to its fullest. Whether or not he actually started the style that came to be known as swing, he was certainly its greatest and most graceful exponent. Goodman had great taste in everything he touched; his big bands were never heavy, his small combos were supple; as clarinet soloist he started a whole new trend. His new album, *Hello Benny!* (Capitol ST 2157, \$4.98) has a little of all of this, and if a great deal of the sound is familiar, it's also welcome. He still has that fresh tone in his clarinet, his band arrangements are light and swinging; there is an overall happy feel. Self-styled hipsters may find it all too wholesome, but that's their loss. Goodman's approach to music has always been that music is good to listen to, that it has optimistic things to say, and, above all, it is comprehensible. The personnel reflect this straightforward approach. They are cued, of course, by the melody-happy Goodman clarinet and Goodman sense of swing. The inevitable "Girl From Ipanema" is taken in a piano solo by Pete Jolly,

who apparently operates on the theory that good music doesn't need fancy tinkering. The other soloists have this same unorthodox approach, and it's all refreshing and listenable.

Of a different musical persuasion, but with the same consistency of taste and style, is the ever-green Count Basie. Playing the piano, leading the band, or both, the Basie conception is obvious in every bar. If he's been going this way for years and years, there has to be a reason: people go on listening. It's just plain good music. Aptly titled indeed in his newest: *Basie Land* (Verve V6-8597, \$4.98) because here is familiar terrain, known and loved. Not the selections; they are original jazz compositions, giving Basie and his men plenty of room to get right in and make some heartfelt jazz. There are nice little solo spots all over the place, but the real treat in this album is what is has always been in a Basie aggregation, that of listening to the warmth and love Basie pours into his music and which obviously infects his musicians. Basie's love for jazz comes through anything he plays; he doesn't make it express personality, he expresses jazz for its own sake.



John Coltrane is perhaps one of the leading exponents of the school which says that a single melody has infinite permutations. He explores a composition endlessly, compelling the listener to come to the music, instead of reaching out to draw the listener in. Not everyone finds this musical experience to his liking; and though Coltrane is solidly ensconced in his own particular jazz niche, there is still a question in many minds as to the validity of his expression. That question aside, Coltrane's consistency and faithfulness to his own conception is unwavering. *Black Pearls* (Prestige 7316, \$4.98) despite the presence of some highly skilled accompaniment,

is all Coltrane. In this sense, it is pure; those who like the Coltrane music will find it here unalloyed. Those who don't ought to listen anyhow. Because, questions of musical taste aside, only time and repeated exposure will tell if Coltrane is the image-making Debussy of the jazz world, or whether his kicking over of the musical traces is a lost rebellion.

Miles Davis has come a long way since he startled the musical world with his lyric trumpet. In his search for new dimensions, he has at times lost touch with that tenderness which was his own, and come up with a harsh, whacking drive. *Miles Davis in Europe* (Columbia CS 8953, \$4.98; CL 2183, \$3.98) finds him more relaxed, more able to compress the intensity within a controlled grace of phrasing. He's apparently more sure of himself. The touch is lighter even than it was in the early Prestige recordings, possibly because it was recorded at the Antibes International Jazz Festival, and a different setting might have put him in a different mood. There are times when Miles sounds as if he's never going to light anywhere, but just keep soaring off into the empyrean. What's odd is that, though it never sounds the same, he's able to coax all these flights out of one or two themes. His trumpet has a supple voice, never shrill, always tactful, but saying what it wants to say firmly and decisively. The small group with which he's working here are all good enough to keep up with him, and that's something. If Davis seemed stuck for a while in something that didn't quite belong to him, there's no doubt that he's moving again, in his own individual path.

It is too soon to say whether or not Freddie Hubbard will become a trail-blazer, but he's already opened up his own musical territory. He sounds like no one on earth but Freddie Hubbard. His trumpet playing is at the opposite end of the musical spectrum from Miles Davis'; enthusiastic, outspoken, big. It reaches out and grabs' the listener, the last note, the ultimate refraction of the note. There is, at the same time, a crystalline quality which lifts this concept out of mere extroversion into something else. Perhaps that something is the exclusive province of youth. Hubbard is young, and the men with him in his latest album, *Breaking Point* (Blue Note 4172, \$4.98) are young. It would be easy enough to dismiss their work as a mere outpouring of the raw energy of youth, because it certainly has that, but there is a very definite plus. That plus is a kind of sensitivity to musical dimension, to the depths and reaches within the instruments they are playing and the juxtaposition of what comes out of them. This isn't orchestration; it's a kind of intuitive understanding of capacities of an instrument to reach out to the other fellow's expression. It might be the human experience in musical microcosm; if no man is an island, neither is any musical expression. At least, that's what Hubbard sounds like now. Whether it branches and develops, whether this is a sufficient musical contribution for one man, only his own inner capacity will determine.

Miriam Benedict

NONE SING SO WILDLY

BY JAMES JONES

Sylvanus Merrick, a hard-drinking young author, has taken his fiancée Norma to the mountains for a weekend. Her very proper notions of marriage and his old way of life don't mix, and when Arky and Russ show up with their girl friends, Norma storms out, leaving Sylvanus to his drinking, his typewriter and his broods.

She came back Friday evening. He had taken the flyrod down to the South Lake, where they let him have a boat free since he had rented one on the big lake, and when he got back it was after dark and her car was sitting there in the clearing next to the road and the lights were on in the cabin in through the trees.

He did not go in for a while. She had left Thursday a week ago, so that he had had eight whole days to begin to get used to it. Now he did not know what to expect. His legs were quivery, as if he had been walking up hill. It was too much to expect that in one week she had changed, just like that. He expected a big accusation scene. But there was none.

She had the stove lit and coffee made and there was a cup sitting on the table where she could reach it while she made up the beds fresh with the clean sheets she had brought. She had also brought a bag this time, because it was standing just inside the door and he almost fell over it.

She had her hair up in a green scarf wrapped tightly like a turban around the small fragile head on the long slender neck. It was almost as if she had never been gone. He did not know what to say, how to start talking, but she took care of that too. She did not mention Arky or Russ or the trouble.

"What would you ever do without me to take care of you?" she smiled frowning, and walked

over to the door of the icebox. "Look what I brought you." She pulled out a center-cut T-bone at least an inch thick and held it up for him to admire.

"Stuff like that comes pretty scarce." It sounded hollow. He could feel himself still waiting for her to begin the big scene, and he could not stop waiting.

Nora shrugged and laughed merrily at him. "Well, I got paid today, didn't I? I would have had it already fixed for you to sit right down to when you came in, but I didn't know what time you'd be back."

"I didn't know you were coming," Sylvanus said. She offered no explanations. "Did you get any fish?"

"I didn't go after fish," he said, and held up the flyrod that he had forgotten to uncouple and put in the corner.

Nora laughed, merrily. "I don't think you were cut out for a fisherman, Van."

He began to stop waiting a little. "I guess not," he said. "How were your folks?"

"Just fine. They sent their regards."

When he heard that, he stopped waiting entirely. It seemed almost too good to be true. He had had himself all wound up to refusing to apologize, and now he felt ungrateful and guilty, thinking how it had been Norma who swallowed her pride and not him. Arky had been right all along about



women.

She went into the little kitchen alcove, smiling back out at him, to put the steak on. He stood in the doorway and watched the lithe pert way she moved. You had to admire courage like that. She cut off a piece of the fat and rubbed it lightly over the skillet and laid the steak down tenderly into its cradle. After she had both sides properly seared to her satisfaction she came over to where he was standing and kissed him lightly. Then he kissed her back, but not lightly. She had to squirm loose.

"Van," she said breathlessly. "Now you stop it. You want me to burn up this steak?"

"Not that steak," he said.

"Then you just better watch out."

"I'm not in much of a condition to exercise much control," he grinned.

Norma looked at him. Then she smiled. "My poor darling," she said. She patted his shoulder on the muscle up near his neck. "I was hoping you'd get back in time so we could go swimming after we ate." She smiled. "I wanted us to go swimming tonight."

"We can still go, if you want."

"Not now." She went to the window and looked out through the trees and across the lake to the high arc lights on the beach. She looked at her watch. "Its too late. They'll be closed by the time the steak gets itself cooked and eaten."

"Let the steak go then," he said. "Cook it later."

"You can't, after its already on. It would ruin it. And I want you to enjoy it. We'll go tomorrow. Oh, didn't you see? I brought a bag, so I could stay till Monday morning. We'll have plenty of time yet to swim."

"Sure we will," he said. "After next week we'll have nine whole days of it, all to ourselves. Just the two of us." "We will have, wont we?" she said. "Oh, and Van. I brought my new swim suit you bought me. You havent even seen me in it yet, have you? I'll wear it tomorrow."

"Why not give me a preview?" he said. "Try it on for me now?"

Norma laughed sideways at him. "All right, I will. But not now. Later on. We've got to eat first. The steak ought to be done soon."

"Okay," he said. "But dont forget, thats a promise."

The steak was the best steak Sylvanus Merrick ever had eaten. The swim suit was fine, too. It was one of those terrycloth Stunners, by Cole. She had seen it advertised in *Life* magazine. He had ordered it from Marshall Field's by mail. It was the first one around here, and when she wore it next day on the beach it made a little sensation over there too.

"Look how everyone envies me my new swim suit," Norma whispered happily as he spread out the blanket. "They're all of them watching it."

He looked around. Guys all around them were giving her the camera eye, even some of the high school boys were putting their minds on it.

"Well, dont look, silly," Norma said, flushing.

"The suit may be what the women are watching,"

he grinned. "Thats not what the men are looking at."

Her face changed as he looked at it. "Oh now, Van," she smiled icily. "Dont start that again." She lay down on the blanket on her belly with her feet carefully toward the sun.

He lay down beside her. For a minute he thought she was making him pay for last night. Women did that, sometimes. She had done it before. But she was changed now, wasnt she?

"Dont start what?" he said.

"You know what," she said, her face still turned the other way, into the sun. "I dont need to tell you."

"No," he said. "No, I dont know. Start what? Tell me."

She turned her head then and looked at him. "Every man isnt as oversexed as you are, Van," she smiled gently. "I'm willing to accept you as you are, you dont have to excuse yourself to me by trying to prove all men are like you are. I wont stop loving you. I came back, didnt I? But you know all men dont look at women the way you do."

"They dont, hunh?" he said.

"No, of course not, they dont."

"Well, I could name plenty."

"All right," he grinned, "name one."

"All right," she smiled thinly. "My father. There."

She looked at him, her face condensed into this smile that was more like an exasperated frown. But already a light of triumph was beginning to shine through. It was in her eyes that she had taken an unfair advantage, and that she had him.

He made his eyes look away. He did not want to say anything about her father. Her father had the best car agency in Vincennes. He was a good solid Rotarian. He belonged to the Chamber of Commerce. Well, that was all right, if he wanted that. Sylvanus would not hold that against him, he still liked him. He liked him because in all the times he had run to Mr Fry down along the riverfront in Terre Haute and in some of the joints in Evansville Mr Fry had never asked him not to say he saw him. Mr Fry did not complain to anybody because he had to go away from home to get his sheep dipped properly, he did it with dignity, even when he was drunk. And for that he liked Mr Fry, even though he was sure at least half of the reason the Frys had tried to break up the marriage was because Mr Fry had run into him down on the riverfront.

But he could not explain all this to Mr Fry's 21-year-old daughter. And Mr Fry's 21-year-old daughter knew it.

"And I could name others," Norma said. Her smile was all triumph now. "Plenty of them, boys I used to go with in Vincennes, boys who respect women, only you wouldnt know them."

"No," he said. "I wouldnt know them."

"I'm sorry, Van," she said softly. "I didnt mean that."

"Its all right," he said. "Lets forget it. Lets swim."

(Continued on Page 54)

THE DEVIL IN FLESH

They did not talk very much during dinner like spoke to the waiter in Spanish. The American gentleman with her did not understand the language and he would ask her what she was saying and she would tell him that she was just making sure that everything was all right. Sometimes they do not like Americans," she said.

"They get off their money from us."

"El dinero es," she said. "There is no more." Then she stopped and smiled. "It is not the money," she told him.

The American continued eating. It was Mexican food and he did not like it. Only the long soft thing in white dough that was not hot, it did not make his mouth burn. But he wanted to eat the native dishes, to try all of them and then choose the taste with good bananas from the States.

They did not say anything else until they were finished. He asked her if she wanted something to drink. She said no. There were all with glasses, some over to their table and asked if they would like to have a song. The one who spoke removed his large mustache and smiled showing a fine very white set of teeth that seemed especially made for such smiles. The girl had something in Spanish and the musician went on to the next table where there was the same circle again and an elderly American woman took a full cup of her juice and gave it to the man who had needed.

He paid the check and then they got up and went outside and from the street they could hear the musicians singing a Spanish song that was very popular in the States. He asked her why she did not like Americans.

"I am not a Mexican," she told him.

"I know. That's why I asked you."

A small boy came up to them selling papers. He was not more than seven years old and both his eyes were badly around. He said "paper" as if it were the only word he knew. The men took a few cents and handed them to the boy, but he did not take a paper. The boy looked up at him, holding the brown newspaper out as he would hand. Then he looked up at the woman. She smiled and took the paper from the boy and put it under her arm. The boy turned and ran back to a group of boys who were all standing together to advance each with a bundle of brown newspapers, watching the streets and then one would run out when someone was seen who looked as if he would buy a paper.

"It is not all money," she said as they walked on.

"I can't read the paper," he said. "I wanted to give the kid something."

She smiled and took his arm. But there was a stiffness, an uneasy readiness to his actions, as if he was not sure of something.

"All the time you think it is only money?"

"Look here—"

"No," she said. She looked up at him. "I do not

mean you. I have only known you for three hours—as if it last? No matter. I could not know that much about you." Then she was silent and he did not want to speak. He looked down at her as they walked and he knew that in her black eyes was a deep cold hate, but he could not understand what it was a hint of. In the hotel lobby, he had seen her sitting on one of the leather armchairs and he had asked her to have supper with him. There was other women in the lobby but none so beautiful as she was with her large black eyes and black hair loose around her shoulders and full hard lips that showed with Spanish as if they were wet. He asked her and she said that she had just come on to go for a while. He said it would be all right and then that if she ever had of him to tell her an American gentleman. He was forty grey into the temples and with only a small bald spot on the back of his head. He told her he was in Mexico alone on a vacation. He was an advertising man in New York. He had always wanted to see a Gulf fight.

"I do not like them," she told him.

"I thought it was a national sport," he said.

"Perhaps."

"Is it the horses?"

"No," she laughed. "That is what your American books say," she said. "They say it is the horses that make men sick."

He continued to having read it in a book. "There are other things," she said.

"Will you go to one with me?" he asked her.

"I do not go to the casinos," she said. "You are very kind to ask me."

"It's not easy to see things there," she watched him. The colored lights of street signs flashed their colors on his face and in the shadows, which lay across the pavement. "I mean, it is so much better to have someone along. Then after a short game, I hope you don't mind my asking you."

She smiled. "No," she said.

Then they walked in the street for a long time in silence, passing the silent groups of boys and the taxi-drivers lined up along the curb, waiting for the cabbies and cabbies and all the other men who were alone. It was just yet nine o'clock and the streets were beginning to change from day into night. The shops were giving way to the tall dark and bare and tame. The tourists were not yet on the streets; many of them still in the restaurants and the thin crowds they passed were mostly Mexicans with an occasional party of Americans taking pictures on the backs of other like displays with painted backgrounds, or search for the value of excitement in the bright neon signs that in the wide street as if it were meaning.

When they came to the Hotel Camero, he asked her if she would take a drink. She said yes. It was very hot and. You could feel your hands wet and your body the same way beneath your clothes.

They went into the kitchen, lit the coal and sat down in one of the four bombs. The water was a short round room. He ordered beer. He told the waiter he wanted American beer. The waiter nodded and then looked at the girl "American and soda," the American gentleman said. The waiter nodded again. The girl had been, nervous, she sat at the water, she took the order and then walked slowly to the bar.

He told her how beer was so drink. She said that she did not like whiskey. She did not like it because it made her drunk very quickly and she did not like to be drunk. It only made her things worse and good things not so good. She said he told her she was too wise. She had heard it somewhere.

"It is a hard thing to believe in," he said.

"It is better than drink."

"What is this drink?" he asked.

"American," she told him. "That is what they were in."

"Did you find that in a Mexican book?"

"A book?" She looked up at him and then down at the top of the table again, smiling quietly. "Not a book," she said. "Yes. She shook her head. "I know them," she went on. "I have lived in Mexico for some years. Before that I lived in California, but I did not know Americans used I came here." She tipped some at the bar. "I am an American," she said.

"You?"

"Yes."

"You look Mexican."

"I know," she said. "Perhaps soon I am really Mexican."

"I don't understand."

She smiled a very young smile, but not with her eyes. Her smile was a quick, just quiet fire of her eye in a smile. "You want me to go to your room with you," she said very calmly.

"I—"

"You do. That is why you asked me to have dinner with you."

"I didn't want to eat alone," he said.

"Neither did I."

"It was the same for both of us."

"No," she said quietly. "It was not the same."

He did not like talking this way to her. She seemed to be always trying with him as if they were playing a game. He did not want to spend the night drinking and thinking. He asked her what her name was. She did not want to tell him. She smiled almost playfully when she said it. He said, "Then make up a name."

She said, "No."

He said, "Sally. I'll call you Sally then."

"That's not my name," she said.

"No one."

"You want to be drunk. You want to drink and I don't like a name," she said. "I am sorry you don't like it."

"I like Sally," he said.

The girl with very small and dark and dirty hair and very white with a very annoyed. Two officers sat in the front, listening to a radio.

a Mexican program of American records. Neither of them spoke very much. They were both in their thirties, one with thick black mustache that hung down over his lip, making his face seem more like a good portrait in the dim light than a real face. They spoke Spanish. The one with the mustache said, "It is good music."

The other officer, a tall, heavy man, looking against the air of one door that led into the cell block said, "Lead it is very loud. It is all the same."

"Mexican music too is the same," the other officer said.

"Then all music," the tall man said with a shrug. "I am not used to talk. It is not."

"Soon it will be meaning. It will be better then."

"It will be better."

"You will be able to sleep."

The tall man got across the floor, leaving the wooden wall a few inches below the open window. "Let's go," he said. "I will be able to sleep like a dead dog." El Barber disappeared.

"Like the old woman."

The tall Mexican smiled a slow, long smile. "A mistake," he said. "The Ferrocarril. Then he turned around the door and back where there was only the thin flickering light of a cheap candle that stood in the middle of the stone table. He looked at the two rows of cells. "Key Ferrocarril," he said. "The officer with the mustache smiled then laughed quietly to himself, pushing his chair back a few inches to lean it against the wooden wall. "Key Ferrocarril," the tall man called to open.

"He is asleep."

"A Mexican boy is asleep."

"Maybe that one."

They both laughed. "Do you sleep, Ferrocarril?" There was no answer. The two officers looked at each other. Then the tall man took a few steps into the cell block. There were six cells, five of which were empty. In the sixth, lying face down on a steel cot, was a boy about nine, thin, brown, dressed in worn black cotton pants and a white shirt that was dirty and torn in places. He held onto the wooden edges of the cot very tightly with both his hands. The tall officer stood in front of the cell, watching him for a long time. "You dream of your good childhood and a modern car, don't you?" he said. "You dream of a golden pocket and women thinking about at your feet, too much for you and the ball and maybe my car to hang up in your room. Then tomorrow? You have pretty dreams, eh, boy?" The boy did not move. Perhaps he did not want to sleep. "Then he called out to the other officer. "El Ferrocarril has not been talked yet by the tall in the dream," he said.

"Don't be too pit," the other officer called back.

"From the window and from the hall," the tall one said. "Imagine a Ferrocarril who has never had a moment—a man with drink every afternoon and no women." He passed and watched the man in the body of the boy. "What do you say to that, eh, boy?" The boy lay like a statue, his legs long after the. (Continued on page 74.)



"How wild?" Norma said. "I don't mean it like that. And you know I don't. But it makes me so mad. The way you're always trying to convert me, when every body's got me more interested what Pop says."

"No constant pain," he said.

"Look, this fellow—" "Boy, you need someone to love me? You convert me. How do you think? Well, your father was who has given you all of me, to me you're my every girl that walks on front of your nose."

"How you are to have more, sister, you?" said Sylvia said.

"That's different. Why do you always put things on the natural the girls look to have something on them?"

"Well, my mother for her is a sister girl. And I admire all of them," he said. "And if I said anything else I'd be going back," he said. "You go on, what shall we?"

"I don't feel much like returning just now," Norma said, looking at them and naturally wondering. There are two different things," she said.

"Oh, they are!" and Sylvia said.

"Why? And I suppose having your things is a show of what you've got to the best advantage and making like showed, some different things too?"

"Absolutely different," Sylvia said. "I don't—Pop, she said, "are you listening to me?"

"Yes," said Sylvia. There was another loving couple spread out on their blanket and he was saying that this loving young couple really looked loving. He was watching them. They did not know there was anything in the world but their selves. He wondered if they ever had formal arguments too.

"I don't believe you're here listening to me at all," Norma said, looking at them.

"I have thought," said Sylvia. "She don't think about showing all what they're put on you as naturally as you do," Norma said. "In only girls like the one your friend brought to the other who are strong enough to do that. With most girls at only, as I said, as I said, they want to look nice and beautiful, of the fashion. They want every thing what men think about them."

"You really believe that, don't you?" said Sylvia.

"Why of course, I believe it," she said.

"Then all I can say is somebody better explain that to the men, but

quick!" he said, watching the couple. It made you feel together, watching them, and then suddenly and with surprise because you were not told for that they were apparently because somewhere on the last two years you had supposed it that, he thought, even you had got away from the great moment of love of someplace you're desiring.

The boy lay on his belly propped up on his elbows, and the girl leaned down under him. They talked and laughed softly. The boy looked the light skin and it was when that the rest of him, so it is that just come out of a red. There was a daughter in that house and the girl was playing with it lightly, she leaned down more and whispering and kissed him on the shoulder.

"I don't know," Norma said, that ought to be told. It's only a few more. They just explained a little like you looking at the girl and then making sure that boy.

"I was looking at both of them," said Sylvia.

"Of course you were," Norma said. "You probably didn't even realize you did your?"

"Yes," she said. "He said she was really making him pay for her night all right. It was in it they were rather serious at it afterwards or else they would have done the same as ever. I'll watch. Maybe it was hard. For a moment he thought of asking her why she always did that, instead of let me up and against a cigarette."

"You paid for everything in the world. If you really thought that you had to pay the full market price that he was willing to pay and he might as well pay it to himself as any of the rest of him. I started a girl wanted me to look at it when you looked at the loving young couple there. But then what would they be five years from now?"

"He looked the watch every and looked around at the rest of the people trying to see them as clearly while the beauty of the night had because it never lasted long any more."

That was when he saw Mr. Olds, the one-armed lady, coming down the hill and in that twinkling of an eye she was exposed when their reaction. One had started to go.

Mr. Olds was in uniform and wearing his gun. He was very much on edge, and he looked very sad. Sylvia just looked up and jumped over with that old hat of the Law,

even after two years he had not gotten over that part of the song, but then it was gone. He remembered he was a criminal. He looked around but he could not see anything that seemed to call for the Law.

Mr. Olds sat in thought. Mr. Olds came straight down through the crowded Sunday people to that young young couple next to Sylvia. Mr. Olds' eyes were shining with thought of a momentary triumph, a momentary when he discovered a fire in the big house.

"There is no longer, then, you two," Mr. Olds said to them.

They both looked up, startled. "Sister of the Reverend Father Jackson," thought Sylvia. "Olds and Henry and Cromwell."

"What?" the boy said.

"You heard me, didn't you? And this and the others, don't," Mr. Olds said, arrogantly. He looked around at the people who were all sitting up now watching him, the people Mr. Olds was preaching. "This is a public hearing house," Mr. Olds said, and he drew into still like that, to go on around here.

"Don't like what?" the boy said. "The first old man's working. The red was something like his last time the last in a hundred years, even so the boy said."

Mr. Olds looked down and shook the finger of his good hand at the boy. "Listen, son," Mr. Olds said. "They talk back to me. I know what I am. If you and your girl friend haven't got the decency to keep from making a display of yourselves in a public house, why we will see to it for you that you don't show us. That's why we're here."

"Thank!" the boy said. It was to pointing to Sylvia on him. "I thought maybe you were here to prevent anybody talking the old at all that money the customer takes in here for those love homeboys." He turned back to his girl. "Don't pay any attention to him, honey," he said.

"I'm still listening to you, boy," Mr. Olds said.

"I wasn't talking to you!" the boy said, without looking around. The backs of his ears were very red.

"I think you and your friend just better get up your stuff and come with me," Mr. Olds decided. "This is a State Park, too. Run by the men of the State of Indiana. We're paid to see it kept a respectable place. I don't think we need your kind of

looked around him.

"Oh, go peddle your papers," the boy said. "We haven't done anything." He had his hand on his girl's arm trying to soothe her.

"That is the last yours taken to boy!" Mr. Little said. He reached down with his good hand and grabbed the boy by the hat and slapped each, pulling the boy's head back on his neck first, then bringing his back then bringing him up. The boy came to his feet without a struggle.

"Boy," the boy said, surprised hurt in his voice. "What did you say my father?"

Mr. Little did not answer that purely rhetorical question. He put the boy by his right arm, the one with his one hand that looked as strong as both might have been once, and turned him up the hall toward the window. He said to Mr. Phillips who was already coming down at a dog trot, "Mr. Phillips, get him by the other arm."

"Boy, take it easy," the boy said. He swung back and tried to swing up

his hat now. "I'll go with you. You don't have to hold me. You're hurting my arm."

Mr. Little did not look or say again after that request either. Instead, he took young Jim's arm, putting his body that was so much more behind him, and without letting go of the arm, he took him to the mouth with his good wooden leg.

Maybe Mr. Little had not meant any harm. He had heard how Mr. Little loved when the very best of his friends showed the wooden leg made on the boy's face, like a club with no give in it.

The boy's head bounced back against the wall of their room like a ball on the ropes on the ring and his knees were weak for a couple of steps as they dragged him. Then he told some back up some. Mr. Little was surprised to see that he had one good kick out. The boy tried to look back at his girl, but he did not after any other suggestion. At an old soldier, Mr. Little was turned to let more their ally.

The girl was still strong looking, happily after them, her hands were cupped and just happening to come away from her face. The people of around on the beach were still there. They were justly looking now to the last looking person, suddenly and a woman's voice broke up out of the sea. "What's that?" They caught it at once. "What's that?" The girl dropped down and lay flat on the blanket as if she would have liked to turn under it.

Mr. Little got to his feet then, feeling his head looking down at his belly and his body trying to shake back and out, down out of it, away from consciousness. Maybe it was the happy feeling around in the room. Maybe it was the excitement of the woman's high voice. Maybe it was the girl dropping down on the blanket. He had to get up.

"Yes," Norma said to an apartment near. "What are you doing?" he had been gone. The rest of our business.

"I'm going up there, to see the last and ended. He was hoping somebody



Murphy, you're a good cop



Goldfinger



MAGGIE NOLAN

THE "GOLDENHOLE" FOSTER GIRL

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LANGRISH



It doesn't
 out of character
 out the end of the decade
 "Goddess" they will find
 Myra Nelson ———— Dark

Well but it will be although
 the part is the best it is only one
 It is a pleasure to be the best the
 could ever see. It's good to be
 the person that could give
 the most. Have you
 all have good things.

Height — 5' 8"

Build — 11"

Weight — 140"

Hips — 35"







At 24, it takes a few years of age and a well-honed eye for acting sense. She has played in the TV series **"The Kent"** as a secretary. She was with the Beatles in ***A Hard Day's Night***.

Her most recent push is in

White Savage. Based on Sax's good story, her release is the sexiest picture that you'll

see. **Callaghan**. On a big sister

is a girl who gets more of the publicity. Her director is the wife of the picture. But

Maggie Nolan gets **Canabale** a week as the most outstanding girl in **Callaghan**.







FIN!

A Confidential interview with a call girl.

CAROL OBSERVED

by Herman Wilkman



INTERVIEWER: How long have you been in the business?

CAROL: Since I was seventeen. (She yawns.)

INTERVIEWER: Did you decide one day that this was how you wanted to earn your living?

CAROL: No. (Deliberately) Not how did it come about?

CAROL: Several men had asked me, and I had always said no. What do you mean?

INTERVIEWER: Several men had offered me money to go to bed with them. But I had in mind at the time that I was taking care of I see. How did everything change you were married?

CAROL: I was.

INTERVIEWER: You weren't married, but you had a child?

CAROL: Yes. But I was actually raped the first time. The fellow he didn't realize he was raping me—but he paid me later to be sure my first "book" . . . and I'm still seeing him. How did you know that?

INTERVIEWER: CAROL: Several. But I only had sex about five or six times. Was the five or six times with the same man?

CAROL: No. The first time with an older man. I'd only been to bed with two fellows . . . my child's father and my cousin.

INTERVIEWER: Who was the first man you went to bed with?

CAROL: My child's father. How old were you then?

INTERVIEWER: CAROL: Seventeen.

INTERVIEWER: You say the first man who raped you paid you?

CAROL: That's right.

INTERVIEWER: What happened after that? Did you go on looking for—

CAROL: No. My next one is an uncle of her friend . . . and I got in with the gambler, and of course, I met some of the other guys . . . and some of the guys.

INTERVIEWER: CAROL: "Wardle to to Washington?"

INTERVIEWER: No, the one in Washington is, when you found out you were going to have the baby you said to Washington?

CAROL: That's right.

INTERVIEWER: From that time on then, it was just a question of what?

CAROL: Meeting different people.

INTERVIEWER: You said, prior to this interview, that most of the girls you knew either businessmen or the men. How do you feel about men in general?

CAROL: I like men, but not . . . not for sex, but just . . . as a companion. For company . . . I prefer men.

INTERVIEWER: You don't derive any pleasure from sex?

CAROL: Yes! I like sex. Although I've never reached a climax with a man. Not through sexual intercourse.

INTERVIEWER: How are you able to reach a climax?

CAROL: Only with women. Or if a man摩擦 me.

INTERVIEWER: Do you find that you want to have an orgasm near a period of time?

CAROL: No.

INTERVIEWER: In other words, whether you have it or not really doesn't make much difference?

CAROL: No! But I do enjoy sex with men that I like!

INTERVIEWER: Other than the men you do business with?

CAROL: The men I do business with—I don't even think of sex . . . during the act.

INTERVIEWER: What do you think about?

CAROL: Sometimes, if they last in long time, I think I could have some things they do to me, or else I try to reach them as fast as possible. But because it's dangerous . . . just so that I can leave and go somewhere else.

INTERVIEWER: How many calls a night would you say is average for you, Carol?

CAROL: For me—Calvin took as much as six evening as I do in the daytime. In the daytime . . . well, maybe I get in (sigh) six or fifteen calls. And one of them I might be surprised.

INTERVIEWER: Out of the men who call—how do you judge how do you make your decision as to who

CAROL you're going to say you got Well, a store I have anything to do with their money or what they say... in who never needed them

INTERVIEWER What is the average time for a call?

CAROL Oh well, it varies. But most of the calls that come up in the afternoon—they usually ring from far in town or outside

INTERVIEWER They come up to your sport store?

CAROL That's right. But I usually charge the ones in the afternoon (which are "pushed") \$25 or \$35

INTERVIEWER Does that mean you try to get, as they say, "what the traffic will bear"?

CAROL Well, it really depends on—if a lady comes over and you charge her \$25-30 the first time, but if you know what kind of work she does and who her boss is, before, sometimes you can get more money out of her

INTERVIEWER Do you have regular customers?

CAROL Yes

INTERVIEWER How often do they see you?

CAROL Once or twice a week. Some have more

INTERVIEWER Would you say that the majority of your customers are married?

CAROL I would say most of them are

INTERVIEWER If the majority are married, what do you think is the reason that they come to see you once or twice a week?

CAROL Well, some of them just like to get money from their office in the afternoon for a little... rent, and equipment. Some of them you get at home when they would like to have. They can feel more free with a call just from their room. They can say what they please and not for what they want

INTERVIEWER Is there a specific time of day that the majority of the married men call for?

CAROL Yes. Most men come half and half

INTERVIEWER Half and half? What does that mean?

CAROL Everyone knows what that means

INTERVIEWER What do you mean?

CAROL Half "French" ... following her husband. Usually they want that first then they finish up with sexual intercourse

INTERVIEWER When I say majority... do you think it's very thin and often men want to be married first?

CAROL I would say... majority want

INTERVIEWER And if it's married or single?

CAROL And the money, some out of a husband you feel are married men?

INTERVIEWER Yes

CAROL And you feel that's because they can't get that at home?

INTERVIEWER It's possible... but I can't see why their wives won't give them that?

CAROL Do you have any close friends?

INTERVIEWER When a customer may require more than the usual relationship. Suggestive means a relationship with you and one or two other girls when do you do that?

CAROL I just tell another girl and suggest for a time and place. How many times would you need the services of another girl presently?

INTERVIEWER Sometimes every two or three months

CAROL Then you would call up one of your girl friends and tell them to meet you at such and such a time

INTERVIEWER I would say that a friend would like to see two girls or to have two girls for himself in some way to say please or I would go to him that if he were staying at a hotel and wanted to go there he might go over to him

CAROL Do they want to know the price?

INTERVIEWER Yes, always. Sometimes back of us get \$150-200 each some over \$300-400 each... usually just for a half hour

CAROL Do you still get the money first?

INTERVIEWER Yes, and then I give her her money

CAROL Do other girls often call you in return?

INTERVIEWER Yes

CAROL Who are the men who request your services? What kind of background do they have?

INTERVIEWER All kinds—entertainers, lawyers, lawyers—you if he is married if I told you about some apparently professional football players and basketball players—Politicians and so on. Remember Melvin Belli? (Laughs) Well I didn't know him, but... some of his friends

CAROL I would say maintained connections first

INTERVIEWER That's easier your here

CAROL When you say they are from various politicians they are men who are offered...

INTERVIEWER Yes? Most of these people when they say to you—only come to see you often. More often than, say, the power



INTERVIEWER:

most workers stop almost instant if that once it starts. You said your average is approximately six men a day and that average has to include an hour.

CAROL:

Yes. I go to dinner with them sometimes if they want to spend two or three hours (usually socializations). Many times I have to get another job so they usually are not alone.

INTERVIEWER:

In other words, how they have worked is as that a stockbroker from New York goes to Washington, an insurance and he has resolved your contract from a friend.

CAROL:

Well, I have some friends in Washington who call me after days or whenever in one of I'm free. Sometimes I go to the airport to meet them, take them to the hotel they are going to check into, have dinner, a few drinks and then I sit.

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

Do you estimate a price? They do not pay for it—a few in Washington don't know folks who call me and then happen to arrange an evening with someone and usually for introductions and give me the money.

INTERVIEWER:

Well, suppose you met a man, as you say, at the airport, go out and have dinner with him and then see how long would that take.

CAROL:

INTERVIEWER:

Usually three or four hours and do you have an established rate then?

CAROL:

Sometimes I charge a flat rate for an open evening but when the man for a few hours, I charge \$150.00 an hour, usually.

INTERVIEWER:

What is the difference between the type of girl who walks the street and yourself?

CAROL:

The fact is I have just the past stands on the street, looks in the rear as they go by, take the fellow home that she is having. Usually they are retired girls only. Only a few white girls in Washington are doing this.

INTERVIEWER:

Well when I say what is the difference, I mean with street walker color, less pretty, less desirable?

CAROL:

Not necessarily. Usually she is a Negro or miscegenating up in power. There is some white girls but not too many. Do you still enjoy having sex with tourists, even though you do not have an actual contract?

CAROL:

INTERVIEWER:

Yes, I still enjoy making the money.

CAROL:

INTERVIEWER:

In the case of a customer, you do your best to satisfy him even though you are not enjoying it?

CAROL:

INTERVIEWER:

That's right. What happens when you have your period—how long does it last? Well, I really don't stop working. Some folks enjoy having a girl when she has her period. Some of them do not know I have my period because they are doing things you can do in spite of it, of your periods work fine, normally. I take a couple of days off.

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

You say there are things to do in spite of it. What are they? Well, before it's my period there you can have a real desirable and if you have a menstruation you can get that while you and it usually stops it very quickly.

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

What is the average age of the men who come to see you? Thirty-five to fifty-five years old.

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

Some of them have—do some have a quick orgasm?

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

I've, generally, in the thirty to forty year age group. Why is that?

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

The older men have more experience. Do the men usually require that they have more than one orgasm?

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

Some of them do, but they have to pay extra.

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

Do usually the men who when you are paid require only one orgasm.

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

Yes, even if it takes just five minutes.

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

Can you usually tell by the physical appearance just how quickly he will have an orgasm?

INTERVIEWER:

CAROL:

No. Do you still feel men, even if they were married at home, would still require your services.

INTERVIEWER:

Yes, I think so. They like to keep it where and also they can tell a prostitute whether it is their mind. That's what would make they come away. What about the men who do weird things, like "bracket"? Do they require things they cannot get from their wives. Well, these people are really "hard." I don't imagine they are friends, but I don't care for them.

What is the most unusual type of treat. The most unusual

CAROL: Repeat?

INTERVIEWER: Well, some of the requests were unusual, say more?

CAROL: Well, when a fellow wanted to be President—but not—either left a friend or he didn't. For instance there is one fellow who likes me to not make a few jokes before he comes over and for me not to take a double. And then some like to be beaten—come on the chest, back and/or the legs. One fellow would like girls—me to beat the areas behind him while the other one leaves. ITO told us about a time. Afterwards he wants me not to look him in the eye while the other looks him down.

INTERVIEWER: What kind of excitement do you think he got out of that?

CAROL: Well, he likes pain—both mental and physical.

INTERVIEWER: Are any of these men religious, to the point where they are religious in the relationship?

CAROL: No. Sometimes I might do some religion with them, but they do not believe me. I have one lady rather into it now. How about?

INTERVIEWER: About one time a week?

CAROL: Sure, he talk with you about religion?

INTERVIEWER: No. He once cured wounds which I have for him and used to give pills. But then he says to not let everyone else and... Is he married?

CAROL: No.

INTERVIEWER: And rather than strange to seduce a girl, he might know, or someone at his meeting, he seduce himself physically with you?

CAROL: No.

INTERVIEWER: Have you been seeing him long?

CAROL: About three months.

INTERVIEWER: How old is he?

CAROL: About thirty.

INTERVIEWER: Does he say he wants to marry?

CAROL: No. He never mentions marriage. He is very arrogant. Arrogant in what way?

INTERVIEWER: Well, he tries to make me feel he has been around the girls a good bit—and I know he hasn't.

INTERVIEWER: Does he require anything unusual?

CAROL: No. He is very, very fast.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, he has a very quick orgasm?

CAROL: Yes.

INTERVIEWER: Does he require to be President?

CAROL: I have tried to French him

several times, but he scores too fast. How very shy, really. He goes to the room next door to get undressed, and he becomes arrogant saying, 'What the hell does 'er' think she is'.

INTERVIEWER: Kind of give off his about some things he cannot say when he is in the world putting on a front?

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: Yes. When the last time you mentioned that, that you have a sister who has not been as it so long as you.

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: Yes. About one year.

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: Do you get together and compare notes?

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: Yes.

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: You said you thought you knew who?

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: Because we were poor, no money, coming in, she had no choice.

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: What about your father in this time?

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: My father was in the service—back in the early 40's.

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: I want to thank you very much for your help for being so honest and tolerant. Do you feel that most of the girls, generally speaking, react to this honest about their work, or do you feel we have been able to have this interview because I did not offend you and we were open and honest about it?

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: Well, I think most of the girls would be honest with me, but other than that, I don't know. Well, thank you very much. You have been extremely honest and candid with me and good luck to you.

CAROL: INTERVIEWER: Thank you. Goodbye. Goodbye.





THE MORNING AFTER

One of the interesting things about New Year's Day is that you almost never wake up in your own bed. No matter how well you plan your own after-the-party New Year's party, no matter how carefully you prepare the little pad with candlelight and booze and carefully-stacked records, generally you end up with pot luck. All through the year that has gone before your get-together techniques have worked well enough, but there is something about New Year's Eve that throws everything out of joint. You find the girl you're sleeping with is not the girl you had your eye on the night before. You remember seeing the girl you wanted for the last time about halfway through the party, making out like mad with a Norwegian exchange student—one of those Norwegians with terrible haircuts and loud shoes. It didn't seem to bother you at the time, mainly because you were making out with some girl on the other end of the same couch. But now it's seven o'clock on New Year's Day, and some of the other terrible things you did last night start kicking you in the conscience. Like Scarlett O'Hara you decide to think about the bad things later. You decide to think about the girl. Her face is buried in a pillow, but she has closed her and you try to think of all the blondes you know as a Miss Carol soles. It's chilly in the apartment, but you decide to lift off the sheet anyway, to get a better look at her. You find there are no moles or surgical scars to help make even a tentative identification. Luckily she's still sound asleep. You still have time to think about the next move. What should you do?

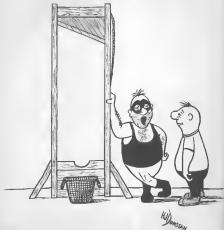
There she lies, wrapped in slumber, on her Castro convertible, surrounded by her faithful collection of African masks, Picasso "blue period" prints, sling chairs and folk records. She trusts you, she has given her all, and it shouldn't in the least matter that she has given it many times before. You might not dig African masks and folk music, on the other hand you know that the sort of girl who goes with them won't pull the rannons but when she wakes up and feels your hairy presence. Still and all, you wish things had gone as planned. About this time you become increasingly aware of a terrible hangover.

Now there are all sorts of hangovers. There is the hangover where you feel light-headed and almost cheerful. There is the hangover that causes the bed to rock and the stomach to roll. And there is the worst hangover in the world—the New Year's Day variety. It cannot be

described adequately because it is an uneasy mixture of all the ailments known to man. It is so unique that it cannot successfully be duplicated on any other day of the year because at no other time is there so much free loose splashing about. It's bad enough at Christmas, but as New Year's Eve approaches the very air seems to become thick with the fumes of alcohol.

There was a time when the only office party you had to endure was given on the day before Christmas. Now, with changing times, the New Year's Eve office party has become an additional source of anxiety. It starts too early, and for all the holiday cheer the nastiest things seem to get said to the wrong people. What gets said is seldom witty or clever—just nasty. Lifting his beaming glass, the office manager says: "Here's to a prosperous future and may we be all gathered here again a year from now." You reply in the spirit of the season: "I'd rather die first." A little later, escorted by a glass of New York State champagne, Miss Fickin, the boss' young spinster secretary, chides: "I'll bet you've broken a few hearts in your case." With great finesse you shoot back: "Listen, Fickin, you want to go to bed, why don't you say so? I'm all booked up, but I can spare you a quick roll in the sack." A teenage file clerk approaches you with "It's a lovely party, isn't it, Mister Devereaux?" You say: "Let's not be so formal, honey. You look about ripe for plucking!"

At the time it didn't seem to matter that at least sixty per cent. of your boorish remarks were overheard by (1) Miss Fickin's aged mother (2) the president of your company (3) the president's wife (4) the guy who's been trying to get your job for the past six months. Painfully thinking back, you hope the New Year's amnesty will cover all your crimes. You hope the president will say to his wife: "That young fellow has real brash character, but he's one of the best men we've got." You pray Miss Fickin will think (because Miss Fickin can do you a lot of harm) that you're a real-to-hell-with-the-consequences type, a young Robert Mitchum. However, just to be careful, you resolve to come in early and work late from now on, to enquire about the boss' golf game, his son at college; to give Miss Fickin a book of poems. But you're still nervous, somewhat ashamed of the big holes in your character, and you try to remember something from *Bartlett's Quotations* that will ease your anxiety. You know the Roman poets must have an answer for what ails you. All you come up with is—"resolutions are made to be broken," "we're all human," "it's good to get things off your chest," "it takes all kinds to make a world," "boys will be." (Continued on page 86.)





Many are still in the wedding business.

was not that he expected what he did to make any difference. And he knew how much the Lord loved it was a Christian that came to visit him in every part of his life. He knew that, maybe you could call it the last double battle of youth. Finally we was agreed up for it. And after that speech, was over it went, so God you could have a good life. Nature had made it that way, hadn't she? and it was fully in light. Nature, wasn't it? By word to be contemplation of the man like her father like his father. But any more they were the men who kept the world going, and if they had to be sure to do it well, the world was based on it. "What is it?" There were ways of living that going. And a man could not just relinquish the whole heritage, he could get caught in that way, he had to have some place to stand if he wanted to explore himself among the world.

He must have known all the time he was knowing what he was going to do. Maybe that was why it took him so long. He went out to the kitchen. Norma was standing and looking at him. He was working on the lunch.

"Norma," he said.
"Yes, dear?" she said.
"I'm going over to follow."

He put down the first and laid the spoon carefully beside it. He glanced at the man from his window. "Now what?" she said. "I thought we decided that we."

"You had to return tonight like this."

"You decided a minute ago. I wanted to go. I wanted you to go too. If you don't want to go, you don't have to. But don't try to keep me from going."

"I'm not trying to keep you from going. If you want to go, go. But you're only by making a fool out of yourself. That's all that's in it. If that's what you want to do, go ahead."

"It isn't really my going," he said. "That has nothing to do with it. That is something else between you and me."

She looked at him, a couple of minutes and started to smile. She changed it into a laugh. "I don't know whether some breakfast bag says a line for someone has something to do with you and me."

"Yes you do," he said. "I'm not saying it's terrible. Maybe it's really. Maybe it's even do any good at all. But the idea the bag—I just said to seeing that as the army. That's not what I'm saying at that. Try. That's the

way I'm at you and the Norma."

"Oh, yes," Norma laughed. "Look into Norman."

"Look," he said. "Take you and me like it is for you. Let's tell the truth to each other for once. We're both old to each other since we first met. You've always intended for me to go into your father's business at the time we've been talking about other plans. You've intended that, haven't you?"

"No," Norma said. "I've wanted you to do what you wanted to do."

"Come on," he said. "Come on. Let's both get going, please, quit being responsible, quit being sorry, quit being ashamed of what we have. Let's be honest. Let's just meet."

She looked at him a long time. "I think it would be just to say for you to do your writing and make some money too," she said finally. "I think that I don't say why you have to play a part and live in a game and there to be a wonder to you."

"I've never started," he said. "I've just got to, one thing and an other."

"You mean like looking her at the mirror?"

"Sure," he said. "At least they come by to influence my thinking."

"Maybe that was all right for you by yourself," Norma said. "But in your wife, you, you are not same thing too. I don't want to live like a slave. I don't want to be uncomfortable in my things. And how else, I want money for myself and my children."

"You think your mother has money?" Norman said.

"Not at all," Norma said. "She never wants to buy a thing that my father doesn't buy it for her. It's ridiculous."

"Then you don't think she ever buys a whole night's underwear and wearing and went to death the last time last night. And your father, every time he goes on one of his trips to the States of Colorado, he's heard that maybe, some day, he might not see him any more. Look! That does might not, just happen, some place. In some woman good enough to comfort her and take her away from her? Do you call that money?"

Norma looked her head and look of down at the floor. She picked up the spoon and began to stir the salad again. "No woman ever has that kind of security," she said.

"But they could have," she said.

"If they would only accepting that time the poor mother has been."

Norma moved her head on her neck again looking down at the salad. "I rather we didn't discuss my parents," she said. "I think we can leave them out of this. If you want to go over to father's and make a fool out of yourself, you just go right ahead." She looked up at him. "Only remember this, I want to know when you come back."

He nodded. That was what he had decided. He had tried to avoid it every day he knew how.

"You're still using yourself to a great extent up to now to Norman. He, don't you?" he said.

"If you want to put it like that, yes," Norma said.

"You ought to know it wouldn't work any better than it did last time. You ought to know it would only leave me alone again."

"But that was the last time," Norma said. "That's all right. You can do better if you want. There isn't any coming back and going in this life. That time I mean it, she said."

"Oh," he said. "I love you." She said he loved it would work.

"He didn't go on like that before."

Norma said. "He might as well write it down and let it be."

"You don't want who's head," he said. "But who's bettering you?"

Norma started. "No," she said. "Not at all. But if you can't do one simple thing like this that I ask you—You do not see something, but she said something."

"Yes," he said, "and you always make Norman was I never forget you gave it to me, don't you?"

"That's a rather long to say to me," she said. "I'm sorry."

"You asked for it," he said. "You ought to know. You're always and I was a regular blackboard without others. Well, you don't want me put too high a price on that thing for its actual worth. Some day the bottom will drop out of the market. Some day," he said. "In spite of the down market, the country will have to then advertising something besides me. If I look that long."

But then it was time to get angry. Yes, Norma started at him. "I'm only doing what you're not wanting. What you're been hoping I'd

notes, and when she found out he was here, in the flesh, she was interested to see what his career was like. He he started in to read the whole thing to her. She thought wonderful people, and he thought perhaps he might get new ideas by watching her reactions. But when he read what he wrote in the winter she pulled it all the wrong places, the same place. Maxine Fry had always been a book fiend, and she was almost afraid to admit that he would take to defending the Middle West against her attacks.

It was in it as moving from Portland to Lake Superior. Sylvanus had moved from one end of a continent to the other a continent where her and Maxine was the great Middle Western heritage and culture he had almost been ready to believe he had escaped. But he was willing to over look this because he felt the winter would be a good substitute. Sylvanus had discovered the mountain in winter.

The cabin he had got at Lake Law for was only one room and there were no trees around it. It was very hot, now that the ramp spell had finally broken, and at night the jacked mass from the garden pervaded the cabin and helped the heat keep Sylvanus awake. The sound of the door that kept coming down toward the downstairs wilderness to pick at the foot of the hill where his cabin was did not help either. A lot of giggling and laughter came from the men. The people in the cars sounded very happy. They did not seem to mind being alone. Sylvanus thought on the other hand felt he needed a lot of sleep very badly. This was because the heat and the sound and the cars kept him awake. And because he was determined to wait.

Then, quite suddenly, the novel began to come again. But of a clear day. For no apparent reason. Coming in it when she was the last words piece of a figure suddenly fell into place. He could even see the end of it. That was the line thing about writing. Sylvanus even got working about the End of the Month Club. Maybe that was what helped him to sleep. But then writing was the only religious ritual Sylvanus thought had ever failed that did not require a third party and he worked at it very seriously in the same way a good Catholic has to go to Mass every morning, so that by evening he was always very tired now. Three enough to sleep.

He gave up going over to see the snow. It embarrassed him to find

himself suddenly extending the Middle West which he did not like and he did not want to upset the balance now, to stop it, now that it had started coming again. He explained the thought and drink beer at the restaurant and stop. Money now and then a great pressure would wake him up in the middle of the night, and he would get up and get dressed and tramp back four or five miles out on the highway under the bare naked gaze of the stars that sparkled pleasantly now that the hot, con-

tinuing weather was here.

It was on one of these walks that a suddenly came to Sylvanus that maybe he should try living in the Far West, when the novel was done. He had never lived in the West. But he had read that it was the Western women who had first looked a horse when the sole saddle was still a God given law of property. Hardly, with mountains and deep woods all around them, they ought to be different out there. Sylvanus thought devoted. All you had to do was get out of the great Middle West.



WOMEN



Devil in the Flesh

(Cont. from page 58)

forward, and the tall policeman stood in front of the cell. His arms behind him, smiling, watching, not tired any more with the light of morning rising the early shadows in the dark.

"You do not want to go now?" he asked after a long silence. The boy did not answer. "Why, now? You do not want to go?" The manly want to dream her for the rest of your life. I don't think you like that."

The boy smiled over with a sharp, quick movement. Then he sat up on

the edge of the cot. "You can go now," the tall officer said.

"He is not dead?" the other officer called to.

"The bull did not get him," the tall one said.

"Maybe the women will. Maybe they will bury him under the stones."

"It goes into his woman to be afraid of," the tall one said. "He is king of women. He has killed a woman's bull in the pasture and so he is a king and must be put in jail

for it. But he has now a bad woman, oh, now?"

The boy did not answer. He had a very young, thin face with deep lines that seemed to make up most of his small, but well-formed body. Only his hands were not young. They were large and hard, and the fingers were long and very graceful but with much strength in them, the strength that it needed to grip the ropes with the tiny teeth and the fine red and yellow skin and then the sword and hold it steady and then push it into the thick neck of the bull where the spine and the bottom of the head meet, and leaving upon the blade, leaving the solid chest of the crowd, perhaps seeing their hands, perhaps seeing the hands and being able to smell the hot blood of the animal on the blade of the sword. He had such hands. He was sure of it. He knew that someday they would shed and ring his name. He would fight the same terrible bulls as all those of his kind, but he would and kill them all, easily, gracefully, making death easy and beautiful to look upon for those who could not touch it themselves as he could. And then there would be other bulls and many terrible bulls, warning him with their close breath and always dead on their eyes and their heads when things have died and perhaps he would die then himself. He would be killed someday. He knew that. Every great man has been killed in the end, for there is no other place where death can find him. And then they

would not laugh over him. They would cry and say many prayers and beautiful words, would place red flowers on his open body and songs would be sung in his honor late at night when the room of the dead was empty and there were only tears and the tall candles burning. They would not laugh in the death night now, he thought. If only they could have seen him kill the bull, they would have known that it had been in a great bull ring and not in a pasture. The farmer had caught him after he had killed the bull by placing the sword in the animal's neck, going in over the horns so that there is only one eye. The farmer began raising him by killing his only bull and he had brought him in jail. The farmer told the police that it was an old bull, his only one, certainly not a fighting bull and the policeman, all laughed and asked him where he came from and he said it was he had no parents and then he showed them the scar

TWO GREAT COATS FOR THE MAN OF ACTION

On the following pages are two of the most popular coats in America for a winter. Spine of the deer is long (hard wear) a challenge to the big bad Sables have conquered these coats for us in this year. Just about all we need know is just until next year. To buy American copies







THE USABLE TRENCH COAT

A vintage garment from before the Europeans made the real trench coats of the dreary forties is all the cool such as the rubber belt and the storm skirt. The decorative epaulettes are gone, thus giving the shoulders a cleaner line. This garment is made in Europe.

THE FUR LINED GREATCOAT

For some time European designers have been trying to introduce fur as an element in men's coats. Most of them have failed because of the fanatical rigidity of fur. The European man has been waiting for his years. One has to admit there is nothing feminine about this model. It is fur lined and the whole fabric is waterproof.



he had not been the fault at a police station even though they did not stop laughing. They put him in jail for two weeks and now they were going to let him go.

"And you will not tell grandfather (tell anyone)," the tall man said as he unlocked the cell door. The boy got up slowly. "Come," the officer said. The boy walked out, trying to hold himself as a great monster should: his shoulders straight and square, arms at his sides, his hands up.

As he was about to go out into the street the tall officer took him by the shoulder. The boy knew he had a full stomach of meat. "Go on," he said.

That is not the way. The camera has a camera and a new bulb.

"They do not bury bones in Hanoi," the other officer said. Then they both began laughing and took out to the street. The boy could hear them and he repeated them many times

over to himself. Knowing that someday they would not laugh, that they would stop (perhaps for him and not for a girl).

(3)

The next night, the American policeman had dinner alone at the hotel. He drank liquor with his meal and he could feel the whiskey in his head and then he stopped eating and he had more beer with him. He was very drunk and then he went outside. He walked only a short way in the street, before a taxi driver stopped him and asked him if he wanted to see the girls. The American policeman stood at him through the haze of his own eyes. "Girls," the taxi driver said, smiling. "You want to see the girls? Have a little fun, eh?"

"Yes," the American said in a dull, drunken voice.

"Sure. You come to the taxi driver's room."

"Sure. Girls."

The taxi driver took him by the arm and helped him into a taxi and after that "I take you to best place," the driver said. "Good girls. Lots of money, not American."

Yes," the American said. "American. The best?"

"Yes, yes."

"That's it."

I take you to the best place," the driver said. "If you don't like a thing, I take you anywhere else. O.K.?"

"Yes. O.K.," the American said.

They took the bridge out of town and then right into a small park and then along a rough dirt street past passing many small wooden houses with their lanterns hanging through the roof or behind their doors. With the lanterns hanging in their many cars and taxis into their dark rooms. There was more traffic going slowly in the street, in and out of the quiet light and darkness than there was in the town.

The taxi driver was in the street and he was with him.

Yes," the American smiled.

"I'm going to like it," he said in all his thoughts. He thought, "Different and good." "Great," he murmured, leaning into the driver of the taxi.

"Yes."

"Yes."

The driver laughed.

"Yes," the American showed.

"Yes, yes." The driver laughed and then he stopped laughing.

There will be girls who will not talk, the American thought. He would see what is new, many and they would tell him a name. It will be money whether it is a real name or not because there are no real names. You are given a name as you are born and then you can tell another name and it is different and the same and it does not matter the way the best women thought it did in the hotel, but when they drank together and he called her Sally and then she would not go to his room with him. Because there were things that were not money could not buy. She was not of American money. He had become drunk and kept calling her Sally and she told him that with all her money he could not get her in his room because there were things that were not money. He had become drunk and kept calling her Sally and she told him that with all her money he could not get her in his room because there were things that were not money. He had become drunk and kept calling her Sally and she told him that with all her money he could not get her in his room because there were things that were not money.

The taxi driver up him a long dark doorway and stopped in front of a



"It says on bottles playing against this wall?"

stuck that was only a little larger than that of the others. A man with a flashlight, wearing a leather jacket, stood near the door outside. There were two other men in front of the plane in the doorway, one much lighter and girls a smiling, bare, wearing looking out into the dark.

"This is a good place," the driver said, opening the door. He helped the American get out of the wooden steps into the street.

Inside there were girls, Americans and Mexicans, sitting around on chairs and couches, standing. A few sailors were on one side of the room, each with a girl trying to pull them aside, but the sailors would not go and they stood there, looking at the girls, laughing at them.

The American pushed two of the girls aside when they took hold of his arm, trying to take him into one of the curtained booths. The girl drove him to a disappointed crowd.

"Good girls here," he told the driver, and then looking over them (a few men, he whispered, "all of them are very close").

Then, "What?" He looked back, spread, they well, and he looked at the girls sitting alone, some as if about some Mexicans, but who did not look more than fourteen. When the driver saw him staring at the young girl, he walked over and said "Thirteen years old," he said it proudly, smiling as if it were a wonderfully fun, little thing. The girl stared ahead of her with many years and the smile of the room in her eyes and still she drew back at a child in them. One of the sailors left the group on the other side of the room. He was very drunk, a tall, thin young man. He walked back and forth in front of the girls on the couch, staring at them down at them, saying others paid no attention. Then he took hold of the thirteen-year old girl, the girl up and smiling, led him down one of the narrow, dusty to corridors and into one of the booths.

The American wanted a woman. He did not want to sit there and wait at them and then maybe wait to see one on the wall with all the other women that were waiting there, making the wall funny and black. He wanted a woman, but he wanted the woman called Sally, because she had been clean and decent, not like those who he) created and waited. All his life there had been only these kind of women, giving him those, whether it was in New York or in a Mexican whorehouse. Never had there been anything clean, and he wanted to make to have it that way the way

she would be when he was sharing with them, he thought that maybe it would be that way with her and that, he became drunk and he offered her the money he was in with all of the others. Perhaps if he would not have offered her the money, perhaps then she might have come with him to his room. But after drinking too much he told her he would give her fifty dollars if she would come with him. She laughed. He said "Really don't laugh," she said "My name isn't Sally." "Fifty dollars," he said "I'll give you fifty dollars."

You couldn't understand, she said.

There he sat.

You couldn't ever understand. And then she got up and walked away. He called out to her that he would give her anything she wanted, but she did not turn back. He started to follow her. A young boy got in his way. The young boy was holding the ear of a bull. It is a great, heavy noise, the boy said the noise is Spanish. "I would never and I but there is something I must do it is a very great honor. He was at a bull arena. And then he could not see her any longer. He turned the boy and started back to the hotel. He turned around to see if she would be

there perhaps, but she was gone. He was a tall American, buying the ear of the bull from the young boy, but she was gone now and there were those others who had my name. He would give them, Felipe or Maria, Dolores, or anything he wanted while he had not Sally.

One of the girls a tall, thin, fair, dressed Mexican, got up from the couch and took hold of his hand.

"You come with me?" she asked him. He was silent for a few moments. "Come on," she said. Then she took his other hand and pulled him up into his feet. You come with me, boy," she said. And he began following her into one of the narrow corridors. But then he stopped suddenly. One of the girls was running out of a booth and there was a young boy with her. The boy was very thin, with sharp bones and long, graceful hands. It was the boy who had said the ear of the bull. He had said a name here, the American thought. The ear of a bull. And then his eyes fell on the face of the girl, and he kept staring at her. The boy followed her out of the booth, his thin hand held, as if with shame. The girl stopped, took hold of the boy's arm. She was wearing a cold smile. It was cold and yet there was some-



thing close to it, something very close, unfettered. The boy seemed very frightened and lonely and not too bad when I pulled back the Junior State's arm, but he pushed me away. He said, "Why, honey. . . but, but, he said, "Yes, what the hell?" I said, "Get out." The frightened girl looked back and started back away from him, he followed she lay and the other girl pulled into the main room where the girls are on the second floor, somewhere. He took hold of the girl's shoulders and turned her around, at least throwing her off balance. He shoved her and bent over her face and then he said "Stuffy." He said the name again. The boy's eyes were suddenly fixed on him, the way the eyes of a deer are always fixed on the bull. The girl looked toward him a moment, then she went, went from the room before the dancing continued in the hotel and

with the bookcase and she asked, "Baby," he said "No, Baby." He began shaking his head like a dog who is not heard and nothing is more annoying to him up to this point he is couch watched. The view in the doorway did not seem around. "It's not there," Mr. American answered. "The drink. Can you hear I'm in some other place. I'm asleep. My eyes are closed. He closed his eyes. Then she began laughing. He opened his eyes and looked at her. No, he said "The last drink comes up. Something wrong, hey?" Get out the Americans said. The women in the room were drunk and laughing and they were passing a bowl of spaghetti back and forth between them. The girl kept laughing but it was very much different. It had much more laughter. She was laughing at Mr. American but he just wanted some spaghetti so and she played her beauty with her

man. It was funny like the ear of a bull. It was probably the boy's first struggle with a woman and she was hard on him for this way. His entire way that he could remember and that himself and she was laughing, and he was very careful that ring of it made his heart beat and she was still in deepening pain and the young thing in the pit of his stomach and there he opened his hand and brought it down hard against the wall. The boy leaped up quickly in the American and with the arm of one desperately possessed by desire the big man in the chair and there was on top of him, feeling his face after hard as the face, his swinging strongly as if he thought there was something in his hand like a hawk or a sword and always fixing his dark eyes on the eyes of his opponent and then bringing them out of the pale skin. The girl began laughing, his shoulders started shaking violently. The woman held the taxi down back when he tried to pull the boy off the big American and the boy kept laughing and shouting.

There came some more "With finally the American was unconscious, the taxi set in motion, drove with much blood on the open seat around his mouth. Everyone became silent as if in awe of something they could not understand, but the boy had laughed so very strongly and bravely fully as if at every moment with every move he made there was the presence of death that presence and a smile behind his teeth.

That they waited for a few moments watching the face of his opponent very carefully and then, sure of his triumph, he stood up slowly and looked around the crowd. The faces of the gulls were somehow no longer hard and cold as they stood in line. They were all lovely, warm now, red throats and big eyes. They were close to him and now he was glad he had come for they were now laughing and chirping cheerily and all his own love and there would be the pure of other birds he could not have in front of him about to be the prey of a second

And then, as if by some wonderful miracle, the strange silence was suddenly filled with the loud happy cheers of the girls and the sailors. They shouted as if there were hundreds of people crowded together; there just to see him. And then all three bowed deep gracefully from the waist, nodding slowly, smiling, gentlemanly as if he had known this story many times before in a strange land where the dead are buried like kings and the poorest of mortals are recognized as kings.



1. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1996, 33, 1, 1-14.

O Carib Isle!

San Andres Island offers seclusion and excitement

A new shangri-la for sun-seekers, water sports enthusiasts and folks who are just plain lazy and want to relax amid tropical surroundings, the island of San Andres, off the coast of Colombia, is attracting the more adventuresome vacationists to the West Caribbean. This seashore-shaped island, seven miles long and a mile and a half wide, is one of those elusive rarities: a tropic isle as yet unspoiled by milling tourists, where the rates are low, the beaches delightful and the atmosphere exciting.

Rich in coral reefs, under-water gardens, blue-green lagoons and chalk-white sandy shores, San Andres is cooled by trade winds, boasts a completely hurricane free history and basks in daily temperatures in the balmy 80's.

For the sports-minded vacationer the island offers ample opportunities for swimming and skin diving, water skiing, snorkeling and surface and underwater fishing. Rod fishermen will delight in swarms of bonefish, kingfish, tarpon, sailfish and marlin. Other resort facilities include the American-owned El Isleno, a small but charming hostelry offering 120 comfortable rooms, a restaurant and a bar. Fashionable shops, French restaurants and several gambling casinos are additional attractions.

As a final irresistible feature, the island is a limited free port abounding in countless bargains in gifts and souvenirs, at prices far below those in the U.S.

For those who wish to make the trip in just a few short hours, *Cavalcade* recommends Braniff International Airways' four weekly jet flights from New York and Miami to Bogota, Colombia's capital. From Bogota it is a simple hop to San Andres, where Spanish and English are the principal languages and where a passport and a Colombian visa are the only requirements.

RELAXATION IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE FUN on San Andres, the Colombian Island in the West Caribbean. Gentle breezes sway the palm trees fringing the island's sandy white beaches and vacationers can bask in the sun to their heart's contentment.



happ? Once again the naked girl straggles beside you because an object of comfort. You think why not?

Some girls like to sleep early in the morning. Some don't. You wonder what she likes to do. A while ago she makes her talk over so that you can see her face. It doesn't help at all because so far as you're concerned you're never near her before. Of course you have—but only through a mass of French and more and more talk. She is very pretty and you try to leave your sagging eyes by clapping slapping yourself on your inside good looks. French or rather you don't. I certainly can't pick it. The girl is definitely a Village type, but doesn't believe that you're hidden down south of 12th Street and west of Broadway. It could be Central Park West in the Madison Avenue B and 12th Street to the Lower East Side. Manhattan Heights behind the Plaza St. George even the New Gardens section of Queens. Suddenly and with a waking feeling you recall the New York City. But you wake up with an escaped college girl on the back side of this one job. In essence, there's nothing in the room by which you can fix your position. The Village however is down Street and, with those rare jobs you could be in central Manhattan. There are only two ways to find out: you can stuff yourself into your clothes and tap out of the apartment. Or you can be a regular fellow

you can wake up the job, again and say "good morning." If you do it the slow way, you hope she'll return the smile and the "good morning." If you speak fast—well, just think how embarrassing it will be when you meet again at some other party.

The first smile always helps you hope. A lot of girls think you have an open, happy, friendly smile. It has worked wonders in the past. You decide. Open, happy, friendly smile. Don't let me see it! If you the girl is starting to wake up. "Hey, who are you?" she says in Russian to your flashings and friendly good morning. "Don't forget her name for during the night but even with the sleep in her eyes she has a look of depressed suspicion that must have been what startled you in New in the first place. "Good morning!" you repeat adding "nothing, very pleasant—yes. You hope she'll like that—a such a good thing to hear in the first one night of day, and it nearly always breaks the film of air that seems to form about the personalities of young fellows who sleep around. You're glad when she replies. "And good morning to you. How wonderful you are." You're glad that she doesn't find it necessary to be nasty in the morning in through compensating for the subconscious role of the night before. "What a time we had last night," you say. "Hey, do we have a good time?"

So you always enter in light polka-

man? The girl takes things as only Village girls can do. I think we all despise society but you come right out and do everything about it then.

Suddenly you find yourself out in the role of sophisticated, smartest, 20th-century Theodore. The girl likes it—and she rewards you in the best way she knows how. She really knows how, and even with the background of a very nice job. "What's your name, my way?" she asks later, giving you a backward because you're looking good. "I know the answer to that, but I've got to end your thinking. Make some thing up if you like. Maybe I should call you Mike?" You give her your right name—only a cut—and start talking for more information about the night before.

Now make some girl talk. "What a crazy morning party," she says. "I mean I came with some friend from NYU. You know—have been three business partners—good fellows." You are not the sophisticated girl, but she says you have and she tells she gets around to you. Good or terrible—you have to know the things you did on the night before. "It was crazy!" Macdonald says. "You know how much I love it?" "It was crazy when you started that action painting in it. Do you know you painted the whole kitchen wall with drawings, an arm, egg and then a head. I mean you said it was. And when you painted the lady with the pink hair, I thought I'd die. Only it was because when you tried to fill the kitchen with powder too. And wouldn't you know—I loved out to be the wrong party. The best and to never see you before and hoped to God to see you again."

Was that when they called the police? you say, are really asking each other. Of course not—they were young people! Macdonald says. "All that came later on the way over here. They said to come up. You look like the sort of man that likes to give me a bit of parking tickets. The cop said, 'Go off before I run you in. And so there we are all locked in and making it go this jolly New Year's morning."

Yeah, you think you've done it again. After all the good resolutions and good promises you've given and done it again. You think about this thing and the love with the action painting and the lady with the pink hair. And you make real motion pictures—just, you will be believed. You'll make sure at that. You'll like it and you'll even send me New Year's cards to the people you all forgot this year.

Meanwhile, it's too late to do any thing about the past as you sit two eye-glasses at the kitchen and tell Macdonald to roll over.





HUE AND CRY

Dear Sir:

While reading W.A. Jackson's excellent article in *Black World* I noticed that Mr. Allen's rightly shown was referred to several times in the "Thought" show, whereas as I thought everyone knew Mr. Allen has not hosted that particular program for several years. The host of the "Thought" show is, of course, Johnny Carson, and there's show is called simply, and aptly, "The Steve Allen Show." Your coming to a vegetable and I'm afraid I am a great admirer but of Mr. Allen's last act of Mr. Carson, why play the apparatus once at the late date? Thanks anyway, for your kind words about the great Steve Allen.

William K. Fiedling
Palmerton, N.J.

"Thought"

Dear Sir:

As a college professor of many years standing, I must register a protest as signed to your recent article on the sexual practices of students. It gave a picture only of the vulgar side of campus life and completely ignored the serious, intelligent, and serious students and serious faculty members. The kind of sexual behavior to which Dr. Christensen devoted his article has become less and less typical of our young life as the society becomes more and more aware of these problems. Every campus has its share of wild girls, but they are a minority and your article does this overage that is obscured by portraying the sexual nature of almost all of our youth.

Dr. C.R.
NYC

Dear Sir:

Laurels to Karl Thompson for his remarkable, tough story of a newspaper's "Night of the Chair" when "Johnny Christensen" (I have been following Mr. Thompson's lead, press for several reasons, but in this tale he studied himself as an individual, not a headline) both here for a season and elsewhere between 1961 and the appearance of his story marked him as a short story writer with a good future. To coincide with our newspaper's truth is no small feat. Christen!

William Probst
St. Louisville, Mo.

Dear Sir:

I haven't missed a single issue of *Christen* for well over a year. Therefore, it follows that I had not missed a single "Vivacious Girl." They were all beautiful, but not a single one of them has ever so opened me to write a letter. After it, read the January issue. I haven't the gift for adjectives and metaphors that would make this letter a little pertinent to the beauty of Nancy. In this I am not a poet, but just this once I would like ... to be one. Long enough at least to write a love letter that would not fall into nothingness inside Nancy's loveless.

John Demarcus
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:

We of Quincy House, Kent College, wish to express our warmest love and wishes surrounding Nancy Christen to your January issue. While we are in California in liberal education, we were wondering if an exchange program could be worked out with Kent College.

Peter Gerson

Kent College, Mo.

P.S. This is ... you wanted her. What's the point?

The more facts, the more...

Dear Sir:

Please tell my guy we're kidding. I know that a lot of people think that a couple people mentioned both genders for their girls but before of this kind is unnecessary in the case of "Linda Turp." Nobody is really named Linda Turp and no amount of January can add to her appeal. I'll bet your guys don't know who she is or where she's really from.

P.L. Karmay
New Hope, Conn.

You have P.L. Love you have in Denmark and she's here in Christen. She has never been to the United States except to publish her last life, but we can hope.

Dear Sir:

Just a line to let you know how much I appreciate the spirit you people have been giving in *Christen*. A lot of people writing about you and your magazine these days. Your reviewer knows his stuff!

Chad Hamilton
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:

I met this Christen in a book last in 1961. I am not that much of him then and I think even less of him now.

Norman White
New York

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